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EDITORIAL

UNBALANCE THAT TICKET

The Soviet Union is playing with pluralism, France is preparing for a new parliamentary coalition and Mexico suddenly has a real opposition party. Only in America does one-party rule have a lively future. Returns from the primary precincts were hardly complete when Governor Dukakis and Vice President Bush let it be known that nothing of substance separates them. Oh, Bush loves liberal-baiting and Dukakis gets a big response from his Noriega lines, but as *Time* aptly put it last week, "The contest . . . will be less about ideas and ideologies than about clashing temperaments and styles."

If anything could put some spunk—and some politics—back into the race it would be the vice-presidential picks. The presence of Jack Kemp on the Republican ticket would give overt expression to the issues and ideology of Reaganism that Bush would rather keep just out of the line of sight. And of course Jesse Jackson would do even more for the Democrats. As the candidate veep, he would push the policy debate off center and could bring the progressive movement that he developed and led into permanent coalition with the moderates who rule the party, leading the way to a new Democratic majority that will not only win but act for real change.

Jackson won't get Dukakis's nod, though there may be others on the party's left flank who could fill his role. But all the Democrats prominently mentioned—Glenn, Bradley, Bentsen, Graham and Nunn—would drag Dukakis further to the right and shrink the party's base of active adherents. It's true that vice presidents are both politically and constitutionally limited, and easily co-opted in the campaign and in office. But they can influence the direction of the political culture by the constituencies they bring to their roles, and the Democrats can do better in the long run if they look beyond "balance."

BLOODY SOMALIA
Aryeh Neier

LEGACY OF A BROKEN ARROW
Peter B. de Selding

DEPORTING A POET
David Cole

SRI LANKA
William McGowan

THE REAL LAST EMPEROR
Eduardo Galeano

MARINA TSVETAYEVA
Christian McEwen

NOW IS THE TIME?

FOR THE PARTY TO AID GORBACHEV

KATRINA VANDEN HEUVEL

The Nineteenth All-Union Communist Party Conference, scheduled to open June 28 and the first such nationwide meeting since 1941, has already galvanized Moscow political life. In the press and at public meetings, in the streets and around the kitchen table, citizens are talking about politics with greater openness and intensity than at any time since the 1920s.

The conference, designed as both a referendum on and a new stage in Gorbachev's radical reforms, or *perestroika*, has a significant prehistory. At the Central Committee plenum of January 1987, Gorbachev's call for democratization inside the party evidently failed to gain the support of that crucial and conservative body, even though it endorsed his proposals for multicandidate elections at workplaces and in the soviets. There were strong rumors that Gorbachev threatened to resign. Instead, he fought on, choosing the extraordinary conference as his battleground. The conference "theses," or agenda, adopted by the Central Committee on May 23 suggest he has won an important preliminary victory. (At a press conference on June 1, Gorbachev identified himself as the "main author" of the theses.)

If most or all of the reforms called for in the theses are ratified, Gorbachev will have legislated a process of partial democratization inside the party and more generally in the Soviet political system. Above all, many of the suggestions strike at the overwhelming power of the party apparatus, which, the theses charge, considers itself "infallible" and has "abused power." More radical proposals call for multicandidate and

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LETTERS.

TABOO OR NOT TABOO . . .

New York City

Roy Gutman's reporting on Nicaragua policy in *Newsday* and elsewhere consistently digs a bit deeper than that of most U.S. diplomatic correspondents. But like so many mainstream reporters, he seems reluctant to question the motives behind U.S. intervention ["How the 1984 Vote Was Sabotaged," May 7]. Thus he writes that William Casey, Jeane Kirkpatrick, Oliver North and Constantine Menges "believed the use of force was the only way to bring about democracy in Nicaragua."

While journalists for major media have challenged certain tactics of the *contra* war (mining harbors, assassination manuals, lying to Congress), it is apparently taboo to suggest that the goal of policy-makers may be less than benign. That the war has been waged for "democracy in Nicaragua" goes unchallenged by some of the same reporters who have reported that the *contras* were led by military commanders from Somoza's National Guard, trained by army officers of the Argentine fascist junta and supported by aid from such renowned democracies as Saudi Arabia, South Korea and Brunei.

Mainstream journalists are too quick to accept the proposition that the Caseys and Norths who have shown such contempt for constitutional democracy at home were motivated by a devotion to democracy in Latin America. The experiences of Jacobo Arbenz (Guatemala, 1954), João Goulart (Brazil, 1964), Salvador Allende (Chile, 1973) and other elected presidents subverted by earlier U.S. Administrations should raise doubts about U.S. intentions.

A major goal of U.S. policy is the stopping of radical reform movements and governments whether they come to power through popular revolution or the ballot box. It strains credulity to accept, as Gutman seems to, that Nicaragua policy has been aimed at furthering democracy.

Jeff Cohen
Executive Director
FAIR (Fairness & Accuracy in Reporting)

L'ÉTAT ET TOI

Kensington, Md.

The concept of civil society does not originate in the nineteenth century, as Jefferson Morley contends in "On 'Civil Society'" [editorial, May 7] but in the seventeenth century—and some historians trace it back earlier, to Machiavelli. Its meaning corresponds roughly to that of the state of nature, as used by Hobbes and Locke. The term itself appears in Hooker and Ferguson. The emergence of the concept does not mark the revolt against capitalism but the revolt of the bourgeoisie against the crown and feudal state. Hegel—the first philosopher to use it precisely to denote market society against the family on one hand and the state on the other—adapts it from British philosophy and the young Marx takes it from Hegel.

I am not simply questioning Morley's scholarship but also his understanding of what the term has meant historically—and therefore its significance in Eastern Europe. In the United States it appears in Tom Paine's distinction between society and government and in other adaptations of Locke. It is a rallying cry of society against crown, of market against state. If this is so, Morley has everything upside down: Reagan was asserting the rights of civil society when he proclaimed that the state was not the solution but the problem, and liberals like Jesse Jackson are asserting the responsibilities of the state against the unimpeded operation of civil society. Jackson and the liberals stand for the regulation of civil society. They are modern Hobbesians.

In Eastern Europe, the dissidents appear to borrow from the term's early capitalist meaning—asserting the rights of civil society against the contemporary crown, the Communist Party. There is also some link to Marx's idea (in early essays like "On the Jewish Question") that Communism would mean the abolition of the state through the transformation of civil society, but I would not press this interpretation too far.

Whatever the case, while there may be significant similarities between Jackson's political agenda and those of the Eastern Europeans, the similarity does not lie in their common understanding of civil society. Far from it. Morley has managed, I think, to hit upon the point where they most clearly diverge.

John B. Judis

MORLEY REPLIES

Washington

John Judis's erudite survey of the historical sources on "civil society" neglects only contemporary texts. The omission is important, though, because such post-1960s writing—make that "post-Prague Spring" writings—suggest that civil society is still evolving. Over the last twenty years the original market foundations of civil society have been reinforced with ecological, antimilitarist, democratic and even faintly socialist sentiments.

To name but a few examples: the collected statements of the Czech human rights group, Charter 77 (whose name recalls the radically democratic Chartist movement of the mid-nineteenth century); the mixed-economy program adopted by Solidarity in March 1981; the essays of Leszek Kolakowski; the more recent outpouring of environmental, anti-nuclear and punk-rock literature from the Soviet bloc; and, in the West, socialist revisionism such as *Capitalism and Democracy*, by Samuel Bowles and Herbert Gintis. All these texts suggest that opposition movements East and West might yet converge on a radically conservative concept of civil society, one that is scarcely synonymous with the contemporary capitalist order.

Nothing is more unthinkable to the *apparatchiks* in Washington and Moscow. In the early 1980s midlevel ideologues of East and West, like Elliott Abrams and Vladimir Posner—who agreed on nothing else—were united in the fervent concern about democratic opposition movements in the Soviet bloc. Propagandists from both sides could agree that movements like Solidarity and Charter 77 were, in their essence, pro-NATO, pro-Wall Street and pro-Ronald Reagan. To speak out in favor of human rights in Prague was nothing more than a shot in the cold war. Too often progressives, like Michael Manley and Willy Brandt, would regurgitate the Reagan-Brezhnev party line. The results were predictably painful: to hear some Jeane Kirkpatrick disciple passionately argue that the defense of human rights in Gorky, Gdansk and Prague was the exclusive concern of Reagan revolutionaries.

For all those who are bored by such ideological authoritarianism, I recommend "Peace and Democracy News," the newsletter of the Campaign for Democracy East and West (send $5 to P.O. Box 1640, Cathedral Station, New York, NY 10025). Also, one of the most interesting political magazines now published in the English language: *Across Frontiers* ($10, P.O. Box 2382, Berkeley, CA 94702).

Jefferson Morley

BEG TO DIFFER

Pacifica, Calif.

Because I'm unable to understand it, I'm always fascinated by the phenomenon of people canceling their subscriptions when a magazine prints something they don't like. It's even more intriguing when the magazine, as described by one subscription-canceler, is "left of center by a good deal." Why did these people subscribe in the first place? What did they expect to find in the pages of *The Nation*? Is the purpose of reading only to encounter ideas they already have? Doesn't "left of center" mean support for the expression of different points of view?

The only thing we have to fear is the fear of being exposed to opinions with which we disagree.

Peter Loeb

The Nation welcomes letters—typed, double spaced and no longer than 300 words, please. Longer letters may be edited for reasons of space. Our policy is to publish as many letters as space permits, but inevitably a backlog develops, so please bear with us.

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EDITORIALS.

Platform Sense

At first sight, Michael Dukakis hardly resembles Goethe's Faust. Like that tragic hero, however, two souls dwell in his breast. He knows how poorly our institutions work, how badly we need renewal. Still, he prefers brief and technical answers to large and political questions. The Democratic Platform Committee ought to complement the candidate's temperament rather than capitulate to it. It could start by talking sense to the American people.

Platform sense would be to point to the decline in our living standard; the evident mismanagement and frequent malfeasance of business and finance; the insufficiency of our provision of day care, of education, of health services; the degradation of our environment; the decay of our infrastructure. Millions of middle-class voters who for decades identified with business are ready to reconsider. The reallocation of scientific and technical resources to the civilian economy and the re-education (and revaluation) of the labor force cannot be left to the market. The fatal distinction that assigns the creation of wealth to business and provision for the future to government confirms the ideology of the Republicans. Pension funds are workers' money: They should be used, with Federal guarantees, for social investment.

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Instead of proposing futile manipulations of our trade deficits, the Democrats might emulate François Mitterrand's global imagination. He called on the Northern Hemisphere to relieve Third World debt and to initiate a new Marshall Plan to raise the economies of the impoverished societies and restart our own. We cannot, however, allow the bankers to dictate the terms of international trade—and nearly everything else. It is time to federalize the Federal Reserve.

The American public favors serious arms control and, more, international collaboration against famine, poverty and war. The Pentagon budget should indeed be cut. And we need no new arguments on modernizing one weapon system or another; rather, we should modernize our thought. What about declaring openly what the Republicans acknowledge in practice? In the nuclear age, the only national security is one we construct in common with the rest of the world—the Soviet Union included. Mikhail Gorbachev has now proposed deep reciprocal cuts in the forces of NATO and the Warsaw Pact and the defensive realignment of the remaining contingents. That could save billions. Must we, instead, leadenly repeat incantations from Harvard's desktop heroes about strengthening conventional forces?

Against cynicism, greed and privatization, against the delusions of military power, the Democrats can mobilize the nation's deepest moral beliefs. That Jesse Jackson touched a prophetic stratum of the American soul is clear. A platform both bold and precise would give Dukakis something substantial to stand on when the real struggle with George Bush begins. Anything less will lead voters to conclude that the Democratic Party is too fearful of the future to be trusted.

Bloody Somalia

President Mohammed Siad Barre of Somalia was scheduled to meet with President Reagan, Secretary of State George Shultz, other key members of the Administration and Congress June 13-16. Stung by the recent decision of the International Monetary Fund to declare Somalia ineligible for further loans, defensive about international criticism of human rights violations and embarrassed by reports that his government had offered to exchange relief aid for arms on the black market, Barre was eager to convince Washington to continue its policy of unqualified support for his regime.

But Barre's visit was called off at the eleventh hour in the wake of heavy fighting in Somalia's northern region between government troops and an armed guerrilla organization, the Somali National Movement (S.N.M.). Witnesses say that fighting around the provincial capital of Hargeisa since May 27 has left at least 1,000 people dead. Government control of the region has been seriously undermined, though officials deny claims that most principal towns are in rebel hands. Westerners working for relief organizations have been flown out of Hargeisa by U.N. rescue planes.

Barre has held power since a military coup in October 1969. Since then, he, his relatives, military cronies and his Marehan clan have pillaged and terrorized the country. As Somalia's principal ally since 1978, the United States has become closely identified with the abuses of his regime.

Immediately upon seizing power, Barre's government abolished political parties, banned professional associations and brought civic organizations under the control of the government. The media is government-owned and is closely censored, as are all forms of cultural expression. Draconian legal reforms have institutionalized the denial of basic rights. Subversion has been defined so broadly and vaguely that the rights of expression, association and religion have been interpreted as dangerous to national security. Law No. 54 of 1970 prescribes a mandatory death penalty for "exploiting religion for creating national disunity or subverting or weakening state authority." In April of 1987, nine religious leaders were sentenced to death in Mogadishu for criticizing the government's failure to respect freedom of worship. A special court system, which lacks basic safeguards, hears all security-related cases. A formidable intelligence network tracks potential dissidents and has created a pervasive climate of fear and suspicion.

These powers have been sweepingly applied. Security forces have seized people without warrant, explanation or reference to any central authority. Many have had their property confiscated. Hundreds of Somalis have been detained under harsh prison conditions and tortured. Thousands of others have gone into exile.

In the absence of any channels for legitimate dissent, opponents have inevitably been driven underground. Currently, the main opposition comes from the S.N.M., which operates in northern Somalia. In an effort to deprive the S.N.M. of a civilian base of support, government troops, security forces and curfew patrols have unleashed a campaign of indiscriminate killings, rape, extortion and looting. In the countryside, the largely nomadic population has abandoned many settlements as people flee the frenzy of state reprisal killings that follow S.N.M. victories. In March 1988 more than twenty people suspected of S.N.M. sympathies were drowned in wells in the town of Gebiley. Many others were executed by government troops. A scorched-earth policy including the poisoning of wells, the destruction of water-storage tanks and the killing of livestock has led to widespread hunger and disease. Many have fled to Ethiopia.

The United States has not always been Barre's ally. When he came to power, he adopted a pro-Soviet program of "scientific socialism." But during the Somali-Ethiopian war of 1978, Moscow switched its allegiance to Ethiopia and Barre then turned to the West. Mindful of Somalia's strategic location on the Horn of Africa, with access to both the Indian Ocean and the Red Sea, the United States has pursued a policy of friendly relations with Barre. Economic and military assistance (an estimated $41.9 million for fiscal 1988) have been reinforced by public silence on human rights violations and the denial of political rights. In exchange, Somalia has granted the United States access to military facilities. The port of Berbera on the Gulf of Aden has become particularly important in light of renewed tensions in the Persian Gulf and the Middle East.

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Somalia is now at a critical turning point. Far from promoting stability, U.S. assistance has enabled President Barre to pursue policies that have brought the country to the edge of civil war. The danger of the current turmoil is that it provides an opportunity for further atrocities, which will be depicted as an inevitable byproduct of counterinsurgency operations. Strong public statements from the Reagan Administration and Congress, warning President Barre of the international consequences of further abuses, would go a long way toward heading off a slide into anarchy. Responsible and timely criticism by the United States of a military that is out of control can only strengthen the prospect of peace. Failure to speak out publicly and unambiguously, on the other hand, would align the United States still more closely with a brutal dictatorship at war with its own people.

ARYEH NEIER

Aryeh Neier is executive director of Human Rights Watch, which monitors violations worldwide.

Library Follow-Up

On May 18, the Federal Bureau of Investigation, in response to critics of its Library Awareness Program and to the onslaught of national publicity generated by the controversy over it, released a thirty-three page report, "The KGB and the Library Target 1962–Present." This study, full of phrases that accuse the Russians of "significant penetrations" and "blatant disregard for American laws and the personal rights of American citizens," details a "massive effort" in which "for nearly three decades, the SIS [Soviet Intelligence Service] has found it beneficial to concentrate some of its resources on the targeting of America's specialized scientific and technical libraries." The report is, of course, the Bureau's justification for asking librarians to divulge the reading habits of certain foreigners and to watch for spy-recruiting.

Newly circulated although its "effective date" noted on the cover is January 1, the report includes a comment that one government official recently described as "staggering. It shouldn't be in there." This is in the report's conclusion: "The FBI must logically pursue any contact between a Soviet national and an American citizen, regardless of where the contact occurs or the profession of the person contacted, and that would include libraries as the circumstances might require." The report also quotes from a 1981 book, *The KGB: The Eyes of Russia*, by former C.I.A. agent Harry Rositzke. The book got mixed reviews. As *Choice*, a publication of the Association of College and Research Libraries, wrote: "This is not an academic book. Much of its contents cannot be verified by independent scholarly research."

The report states that since 1985 Soviet exchange students and scholars have attended approximately eighty-five colleges and universities in the United States. The F.B.I. mentions the names or locations of only seventeen of these schools, however. I decided that perhaps the Bureau had specified those in order to provide a hint of the identities of some of the institutions they claim are cooperating with their Library Awareness Program, since some of the institutions' names had never before been disclosed. Of the seventeen, two were mentioned in my *Nation* article [see Robins, "The F.B.I.'s Invasion of Libraries," April 9] as critics of the program. Of the remaining fifteen, five are difficult to pinpoint since the report merely says "schools in California, Texas, Ohio, Maryland, and Florida"; none of the library directors contacted at eight others knew of any F.B.I. visits at all. One of them did comment: "There's no *known* visit." The F.B.I. will not confirm or deny any visits to the colleges and universities specifically mentioned in the report, and will say only, "We might have gone there. Our presence is according to the size of the threat."

On May 4, however, the F.B.I. did visit the library at the University of Utah. According to Julie Hinz of the document division, "The agent wanted to talk about a specific situation," a letter from a Soviet Embassy official, who wrote as a private person, asking about the capabilities of the library's N.T.I.S. (National Technical Institute Service) data base. Hinz first said, "We told the agent that the library doesn't provide information [on borrowers]." But later she admitted, "This was a special set of circumstances, and we did talk to the F.B.I." The university's director of libraries, Roger Hanson, says, "The F.B.I. is concerned about N.T.I.S. because Russians will be living out here because of the [I.N.F.] missile treaty. We're concerned, too." And the F.B.I. admits, "We're particularly interested where there is Soviet interest."

The Bureau report states, "The Soviet Intelligence Service has utilized clandestine means to obtain large volumes of documents from the Special Libraries Association." Was this item included in the report to vindicate the S.L.A.'s presumed coordination of the program, reported in my article? David Bender, the executive director of the S.L.A., told me, "Nothing's been stolen, to our knowledge. We've got board documents and library articles here that would be of no relevance for secretive or clandestine efforts." When asked to list exactly what has been taken from the S.L.A.'s offices, the F.B.I. told me, "It's classified. If we were to answer that publicly, it would disclose to the K.G.B. just how much we do know."

Bender wrote F.B.I. Director William Steele Sessions on April 21 that "the air is heavy with innuendo" and that "the reputation of the SLA has been cast in doubt." On June 3, Bureau spokesperson Susan Schnitzer told me, "We sent him a letter back and said it [S.L.A.] was a generic name." Bender, who finally received that letter on June 10, says, "I'm not sure where the F.B.I. is coming from." (As previously reported, the F.B.I. says it "can't give out the name of the association endorsing the program.") The F.B.I. says, "We're not saying who we talked to. It's certainly not him [Bender]."

One of the sources who told me that the S.L.A. *is* helping the F.B.I. comments, "Saying we're not going to tell who it is is a way of backpedaling, and saying it *is* the S.L.A. is

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two-faced of the F.B.I. But the S.L.A. is doing some backpedaling too—they haven't taken a firm stand on the Library Awareness Program." David Bender responds, "I can't get a firm stand. I'm governed by the board of directors. We are remaining neutral on what the F.B.I. is doing." Nonetheless, Bender also says, "We're working toward the same ends as the A.L.A. [American Library Association], but just using different means."

But the A.L.A. is also waiting for some answers. It requested that an F.B.I. official attend its convention next month in New Orleans, but the Bureau wrote back saying that a representative would not be able to come because of "heavy commitments." However, Director Sessions did invite A.L.A. officials to Washington, and the F.B.I. now says, "That still holds. They can meet with us here for an unclassified briefing."

On June 20, the House Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, chaired by Representative Don Edwards, held a one-day hearing on the Library Awareness Program. Perhaps this will begin to clear the air. NATALIE ROBINS

Natalie Robins is writing a book, based on 140 F.B.I. files, about the Bureau and American writers, to be published by William Morrow.

Gorbachev

(*Continued From Front Cover*)

secret-ballot elections to all party executive positions, instead of appointment from above; open debate on policy issues; a statute limiting tenure in party posts, theoretically including the General Secretary's, to two five-year terms; and the subordination of party officials to the rule of law and of the party bureaucracy to the mass membership. In addition, the theses propose sharp limitations on the party's interference in cultural, economic and other areas of life.

Gorbachev's theses also call for broader political reforms, including the "restoration in full measure of the role and powers of the Soviets of People's Deputies"; far-reaching legal reforms, including "freedom of speech, the press, conscience, assembly, street processions and demonstrations," the introduction of safeguards for an independent judiciary; and the rehabilitation of those "who in the past fell victim to unjustified political accusation and illegality."

Given the conflict raging in high-level party circles, it is impossible to predict if the delegates will ratify all of Gorbachev's proposed reforms or adopt even more radical ones now being discussed in the press. Will Gorbachev seize the occasion to put more of his supporters on the Central Committee and even the Politburo? Indeed, will the conference itself be totally controlled from above, as have such party gatherings since the late 1920s, or will it take on an independent life of its own?

Whatever the outcome, the prelude to the conference, particularly since April, has already contributed to a repoliticization of Soviet life. Conflicts over delegate selection by numerous local and regional party units are assiduously followed all around Moscow. To many Western observers, the process of choosing 5,000 delegates to what may be a precooked conference might seem an empty exercise. But for Moscow reformers like the historian Yuri Afanasiev and the writer Yuri Karyakin, the process has been "therapeutic." For the first time in more than sixty years there is a semblance of democratic struggle. Millions of people are participating in or observing something they have never experienced. Even if the election process doesn't actually affect the outcome of the conference, it is, as leading reformer Fyodor Burlatsky says, playing an important part in "changing our political culture."

Popular interest in the conference is reflected in the torrent of newspaper articles about it and in the remarkable array of suggestions proposed by readers' letters. Among other novel developments is the idea that delegates should represent the views of their constituents. Since May, several mass-circulation dailies have been publishing hot-line numbers to inform people of where to call their delegates with suggestions and questions.

Independent political clubs that have sprung up under *glasnost* have also played an important role in the electoral process by gathering petitions for their favorite candidates. In addition, a coalition of seventeen political clubs in Moscow is circulating "countertheses" that call for changes more radical than Gorbachev's, including abolition of restrictions on travel and emigration, freedom of religion and elimination of special privileges for the party apparatus. (Several delegates have promised to present the clubs' theses to the conference.) Similar activism is under way outside the capital. In early June 7,000 people filled a stadium in Omsk to discuss the nominating process. And on Sakhalin Island, thousands gathered to criticize local party bosses and to call for more democracy in selecting delegates.

There are even tentative suggestions that the Soviet one-party system needs another national political organization. Although a new dissident political party, the Democratic Union, is being repressed, establishment figures such as sociologist Tatiana Zaslavskaya, Burlatsky and the poet Yevgeny Yevtushenko are proposing some kind of "popular front." At an official press conference on June 3, Andrei Sakharov supported the idea, explaining that "it should be possible to participate in reform without being a member of the Communist Party, and for the party to see to it that these possibilities exist."

Realistically, a multiparty system is exceedingly unlikely in the Soviet Union. The immediate issue is whether Gorbachev's democratization campaign might legalize competing groups and some form of opposition inside the Communist Party itself. He has insisted that the party needs "socialist pluralism" and real debate. The party conference could set an example by enabling delegates to air openly their disputes and to form caucuses on the floor for and against a large and controversial array of *perestroika* proposals. For millions of Soviet citizens, the conference has already acquired a profound symbolic importance. They are waiting to see if it will make *perestroika* and democratic reform "irreversible" as Gorbachev has pledged.

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MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

In March 1906, Mark Twain came upon a cablegram from the Philippines, where U.S. troops were fighting to subdue some primitive and intransigent rebels. The war was then in its eighth year and, as Twain observed, the locals were testing American patience:

> A tribe of Moros, dark-skinned savages, had fortified themselves in the bowl of an extinct crater not many miles from Jolo; and as they were hostiles, and bitter against us because we have been trying for eight years to take their liberties away from them, their presence in that position was a menace.

The imperial forces of the United States, Twain went on, "were assisted by auxiliaries consisting of a detachment of native constabulary in our pay—their numbers not given."

Would that I had the space to quote every stave of Twain, as he detailed the great engagement between General Wood and the Moro extremists. But as he put it in conclusion:

> The completeness of the victory is established by this fact: that of the six hundred Moros not one was left alive. The brilliancy of the victory is established by this other fact, to wit: that of our six hundred heroes only fifteen lost their lives.

Last week I telephoned various departments of the Administration to ask how many Americans had lost their lives in the war against Nicaragua. The Defense Department hurriedly referred me to the State Department. The State Department spokesman said, "I don't know what you are talking about." The other bureaucracies involved in the *contra* "resupply" network were likewise unwilling to talk about their triumphs.

I don't understand this modesty. Between January 1980 and June 1987 the Nicaraguan armed forces suffered, by their own admission, a total of 2,496 dead, 6,546 wounded and 961 captured. During the same period, and for the same reason, Nicaragua saw the death of 3,128 civilians. A further 1,579 were wounded or maimed, and 5,676 were kidnapped or abducted. Civilian casualties are to be regretted of course, but it is well understood that you can't have a war without them. The grossly sentimental are inclined to dwell upon the fact that 2,327 women and 331 children under the age of 15 were comprised in the larger statistic. Probably these had allowed soldiers to mingle with them, thus making the job of the *contra* "auxiliaries" and "native constabulary" impossibly difficult.

Still, the figures are extremely impressive, for all this was achieved without the loss of a single U.S. soldier. Twain pointed out that in one of the great battles of the Civil War 10 percent of the forces on both sides were killed or wounded, and that even in Cuba in 1898, "we fought a number of showy battles, and when the war was over we had lost two hundred and sixty eight men out of our two hundred and fifty thousand, in killed and wounded in the field." Twain then invited his readers:

> Contrast these things with the great statistics which have arrived from that Moro crater! There, with six hundred engaged on each side, we lost fifteen men killed outright. . . . and we abolished them utterly, leaving not even a baby alive to cry for its dead mother. *This is incomparably the greatest victory that was ever achieved by the Christian soldiers of the United States.*

But how splendidly we progress. Six hundred for fifteen! How our modern strategists must smile at such crude and cruel odds. At least ten times that number of Nicaraguans have fallen, with the sole acknowledged cost in U.S. casualties being the crew of Eugene Hasenfus's plane. And the crew members may not even have been U.S. citizens! And Hasenfus himself was, according to the very highest authorities, a mysterious freelance with no direct connection to the government of the United States! In fact, the only North American known to have died in the whole affair was young Benjamin Linder. And he was on the other side, poor boy! One has no choice but to doff the hat in the presence of such military genius.

Twain noticed that for a while after the news of the Moro victory, the newspapers fell rather silent. He detected a certain reticence, amounting almost to embarrassment though never quite to shame. Something not dissimilar has been apparent in Washington of late. I can't remember the last speech by a senior Administration figure crying that the cause of the *contras* was a test case for the survival of the free world. It has been months since *The New Republic* sounded the call and passed out the litmus that distinguishes men from boys. Not a peep from Safire, from Will, from Krauthammer, from any of the sunshine patriots who insisted on the primacy of the "freedom fighters." If Bush still thinks the "Nicaraguan resistance is vital," he is distinctly sheepish on the point. And Reagan, asked recently whether the *contras* are a "lost cause," answered laconically, "This is something that's under discussion right now."

Well, if it's all been called off, or brought down to a face-saving trickle of aid, shouldn't we be told? At the very least, should there not be some explanation? In deciding to take the lives of thousands of Nicaraguans, was the Administration being merely casual? If it was a matter of "saving face" and demonstrating the willingness to use force, one might think that the bombing of one town or the burning of a couple of villages would have been enough. That was considered enough in the cases of Libya and Lebanon, two countries no less "strategically important."

It cannot be that all those people were slain just to save the faces of Elliott Abrams and Ronald Reagan. It cannot be, because if such a thing were even suspected there would (wouldn't there?) be massive public outrage. Nobody thinks that the credibility of Abrams is worth the lives of 331 children, let alone 5,293 adults. (I would be surprised if even Abrams rated his own face that highly.) There must be some other explanation. The more I think about it, the more I am convinced that the best means of arriving at the truth would be a solemn, public trial.

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ARTICLES.

NORTHERN EXPOSURE

A Broken Arrow's Dark Legacy

PETER B. DE SELDING

Late in the afternoon of January 21, 1968, a U.S. Air Force B-52 Stratofortress bomber carrying four hydrogen bombs and reporting a fire aboard attempted an emergency landing at Thule Air Base in northwest Greenland. The plane, flying an airborne-alert mission as part of the 1960s policy of keeping some nuclear weapons aloft at all times, never made it to the base. It crashed eight miles west of Thule onto the ice of North Star Bay.

Thousands of pounds of JP-4 jet fuel ignited on impact, spearing the polar darkness with a flame column more than half a mile high and 2,600 feet wide. Six members of the seven-man crew parachuted to safety on the frozen tundra. One man was killed. The nuclear bombs, which were not activated thanks to the "Failsafe" procedure, disintegrated on detonation of their conventional explosives. Toxic and radioactive ingredients mixed with the jet fuel in the pyrotechnic display. The plane broke into thousands of small pieces on the three-foot-thick ice, some of them melting through and sinking quietly 750 feet to the bottom of the bay. Other aircraft and weapons fragments were suspended in new ice as the bay refroze, leaving a long black gash to mark the site. The wind-chilled temperature at the time was -50 degrees Fahrenheit. In the days following, fierce storms would challenge the thermostat to readings of -100.

Into this frozen desert were sent representatives of some seventy U.S. agencies, mainly military, to deal with the "broken arrow," the code name for accidents involving nuclear weapons. Because Greenland belongs to Denmark, teams of officials from Copenhagen also were called in. About 2,000 people took part in the cleanup, facing conditions that could not have been more difficult if they had been working on the moon.

Machines designed for temperate regions malfunctioned here; new batteries failed within minutes when exposed to the cold. Engines had to be kept running or they wouldn't restart. Compasses went wacky so close to the magnetic pole, confounding efforts to define and inspect an anonymous expanse of ice and snow and tundra over which toxic and radioactive agents had been scattered by wind and fire, then frozen over and covered with snow. The entire operation had to be completed before the spring thaw melted the radioactive ice under the hastily erected work site.

After the thaw, the last visible sign of what had been a military cleanup camp slipped beneath the surface of the bay. Contaminated snow, ice and other debris by then had been moved to solid ground and stored in dozens of 25,000-gallon tanks. That September a small ceremony was held as a U.S. Navy ship picked up what was said to be the last of the contaminated cargo for shipment to Charleston, South Carolina, and then by rail for burial at the Savannah River plant near Aiken. Danish and American officials posed with brooms in front of the "last" tank, on which was written: "That's all, folks!" But in many ways, it was just the beginning.

Twenty years later there is mounting evidence that many of the 2,000-odd people involved in the operation suffered permanent injury as a result of exposure to radioactive or toxic substances. After years of foot-dragging, Danish government health authorities are only now mounting a full-scale investigation into charges that cancer, sterility and a range of other ailments are rife among the Danes who willingly helped the U.S. Air Force dispose of its mess. Some of these workers are seeking compensation directly from the Pentagon through the American legal system. But so far both they and their government have been stonewalled by Washington officials.

Even more troubling is the fact that the hundreds of U.S. soldiers involved in the cleanup may be at greater risk than the Danes. The only official account of what the Air Force calls Project Crested Ice was issued in 1970. It asserts that the Danes were assigned mainly peripheral chores, while U.S. soldiers were given the front-line duties of picking up, by hand, the radioactive debris. It was essentially the difference between wading in up to your ankles and diving in over your head. Arguably, it was the honorable choice: An American disaster, after all, should be dealt with principally by Americans.

But astonishingly, the distinction was maintained right down to acceptable contamination levels. The report says:

> Monitoring [of] the first parties to visit the crash site showed contaminated clothing, particularly footwear. Nothing higher than a reading of zero was considered satisfactory for any except American personnel. For our own people, normal Department of Defense standards were accepted.
>
> . . .
>
> Most of the contamination was removed by simply brushing the snow from garments and vehicles. . . . In those few instances where contamination had impregnated the materials, the clothing was replaced.

Reports of ugly skin sores, lung cancer and other health problems among the 1,200 Danes who took part in the post-crash operation have circulated in Denmark for several years, as former Thule workers and their families have come forward to tell their stories. In fact, employees of the now-defunct Danish Construction Corporation, hired by the Strategic Air Command to perform civil tasks during the cleanup, were worried about contamination from the four hydrogen bombs right from the start. The Crested Ice report notes

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that among the Danish workers, "the problem was fear of sterility and impotence. When it was explained that these fears were groundless, no further questions were asked!"

But it was only recently that Danish authorities made any effort to collate Thule employees' health histories. The Danish Institute for Clinical Epidemiology has taken a cursory look at disease rates among Crested Ice alumni and compared them with those of 3,000 other workers who were at Thule before and after the cleanup. Blips on the screen in the form of higher cancer rates soon showed up, but the Danes cautiously declined to draw the obvious connection without first finding out exactly to what these people had been exposed.

In March 1987, the Danish government asked U.S. authorities for a list of H-bomb components, as well as an account of any other toxic materials that might have been released into the environment by the crash. As part of the same request, Copenhagen asked for information on any investigations the U.S. government had conducted on the health of the American personnel involved in Crested Ice.

The Danes' limited study had shown that not only were Crested Ice workers more likely than the general population to contract lung cancer but that the likelihood of illness increased with the time spent at Thule during the operation. The problem in drawing cut-and-dried conclusions from the study is that not all 1,200 workers were examined. Only those who had previously reported a serious illness, and whose names thus had surfaced on the national death or cancer registries, were considered. Most of the workers in Greenland for the cleanup were young men in 1968; Danish officials say that, from a statistician's viewpoint, they haven't died in sufficient numbers to permit a proper sampling. With a group this small, they could not bring themselves to conclude that the numbers were of "statistical significance," which they define as having a 95 percent probability that environmental factors were to blame.

This only made more urgent the information requested of U.S. authorities. If the American soldiers were falling victim to cancer or other maladies at abnormally high rates, a causal relation between exposure at Thule and disease could be clearly drawn; if not, the episode might be laid to rest.

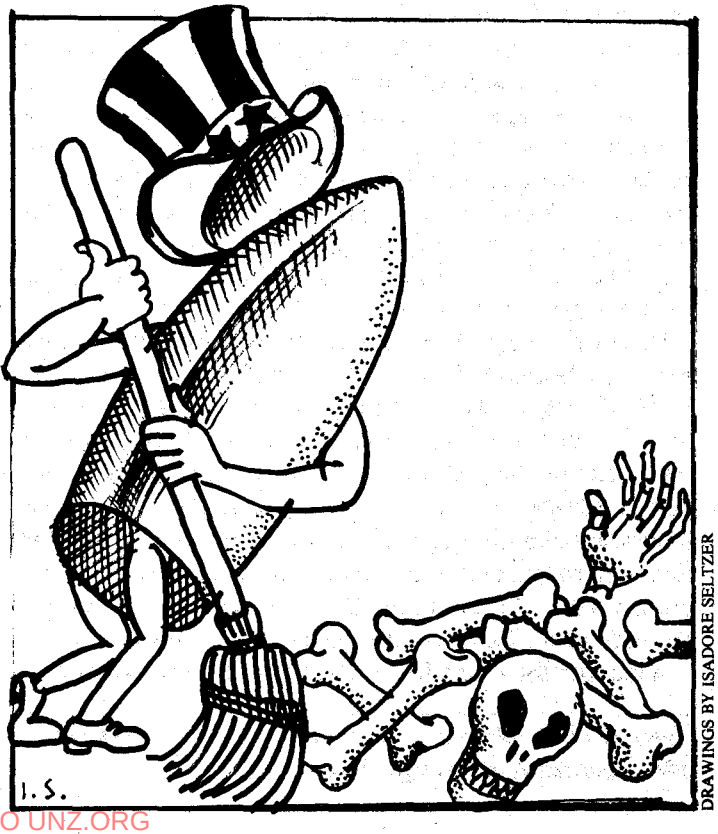
In mid-January of this year, after ten months of silence, the Pentagon responded to the Danish government's inquiry with hundreds of pages of documents delivered to the Danish Embassy in Washington. The whole batch was sealed with a strict classification, but two Danish health officials who were cleared to read the material say it leaves the central questions unanswered. Washington refused to list the contents of the nuclear weapons that disintegrated in the fireball near Thule. The Danish medical officials say the documents will be of almost no help as Copenhagen prepares a thorough examination of all Thule alumni.

"There's a public demand for this investigation," said Dr. Harriet Dige-Petersen, chief physician at Glostrup Hospital's department of nuclear medicine. Interviewed by telephone from Copenhagen, she voiced her frustration with U.S. intransigence. "My two concerns are health and exposure," she said. "We know about plutonium and tritium. Were there other materials in the bombs [whose effects] we should be looking for? It's natural for a physician to want to know what was the exposure. They haven't answered many of our questions."

Dr. Nils Rosdahl, chief of the division of general hygiene at the Danish National Board of Health, agreed that the Danes would have a difficult time conducting their own study in the absence of a full accounting by Washington. "You have to check for almost everything," he said, if you lack an exposure list of toxic or radioactive agents. Even Rosdahl, a man given to extreme caution – he said the higher cancer rates among Crested Ice personnel theoretically could be the result of the type of cigarettes available at Thule – can't fathom the Pentagon's treatment of the Danish inquiry. "We never expected it would take U.S. authorities ten months to respond," he said.

Both doctors confirmed that the Pentagon clearly answered at least one question: No long-term tests have been carried out on the hundreds of Americans who took part in Crested Ice, despite the Americans' higher exposure levels.

The effects of low-level radiation on human health are a poorly mapped medical terrain [see box, page 891]. Just recently the U.S. National Institutes of Health began an investigation into apparent "leukemia clusters" among populations near nuclear power plants. The N.I.H. inquiry, announced in February and expected to be completed next year, was prompted by earlier surveys in Massachusetts and Great Britain showing substantially higher cancer rates among people living near nuclear installations. The radiation exposure of someone living near an atomic power plant is presumably much lower than that encountered by someone picking up bits of broken H-bombs.



DRAWINGS BY ISADORE SELTZER

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So far as is known, the G.I.s at Thule are not even aware of the risks they've been carrying for two decades. And even if they were, their prospects of successfully suing for radiation-related injuries are essentially nil. U.S. legal doctrine bars members of the armed services from taking their government to court over injuries suffered "incident to service." In the latest attempt to overturn this policy, Vietnam veterans suing the Federal government over their exposure to Agent Orange saw their appeal die with a January decision by the Supreme Court.

Meanwhile, the Foreign Military Claims Act, which is reserved for claims from noncitizens, has for the moment been closed off to the Danish alumni of Thule. Late last year nearly 200 of them had filed a suit for damages in the United States under the F.M.C.A., which is basically a commitment to make things right when American forces cause accidents in allied countries. But in February the Air Force decided against allowing them to pursue compensation under the act, ruling that if the Danes insisted on redress, they could try their luck under NATO's Status of Forces Agreement.

The Danish workers' attorney, Anthony Roisman, says that under the F.M.C.A. all his clients would have to prove is that they were injured as a result of Project Crested Ice, while if the proceedings were moved to Denmark, as required under the Status of Forces Agreement, they must prove negligence on the part of the Air Force, the B-52's designers or someone else. For example, Roisman said, if the fire, apparently caused by a faulty heating system, could be traced to a design flaw in the bomber, then oceans of argument might be expended in the legal struggle – assuming the Air Force didn't decide to classify the aircraft's design. "So far what they've said is that everything is classified information," said Roisman, who has asked the U.S. District Court in Washington, D.C., to reverse the Air Force decision.

In February two radiation specialists from Oak Ridge Associated Universities were dispatched to Copenhagen at the request of the State Department, to advise the Danish authorities hacking their way through the Pentagon's apparently useless documentation. An Oak Ridge spokesperson said the two were sent to take the measure of Danish concerns and to answer questions.

Dr. Dige-Petersen said the pair had as many questions to ask as answers to give. She said they questioned the necessity of the Danes' impending health investigation and the reasons that Copenhagen had requested the information it did. She's not optimistic they'll be able to turn over the necessary data. Gunver Auken, a representative with S.I.D., a big harbor and construction workers' union to which most of the Danish Thule workers belonged, said she's content to have the issue firmly in Danish hands, especially now that the government there has waived a twenty-year statute of limitations on such compensation suits until a full-blown health survey can be completed. What she can't abide is that the Americans have cold-shouldered a trusted friend. "To us it seems fantastic that we're allies and both members of NATO, and then they treat us like that," she said in an interview. "It's shocking and disgusting."

Also disconcerting to the Danes is the insistence by several Crested Ice workers that they saw drums with radiation warnings around them at Thule up to a year after the last containers were supposedly shipped to the United States in September 1968. Other workers say tanks with contaminated material were seen leaking during and well after the cleanup, and that radiation monitoring was infrequent and haphazard.

Danish health authorities now preparing the epidemiological equivalent of a house-to-house search among the former Thule employees expect to complete their labors by the end of the year, with or without U.S. cooperation. Given the current charged atmosphere in Denmark, they can do no less. But some Danes doubt the integrity of their government's investigation. "They don't want to test all the workers," said Sally Markussen, whose husband, Ole, was at Thule during the Crested Ice operation and is now a very sick man. She has devoted herself in recent years to collecting worker testimony. "I have been in contact with 400 to 500 Danish workers and they all say the same thing" about health problems. "All the Thule workers who were in the cleanup, they're all old men now. My husband is only 49 but he's an old man now."

One frustration for the Markussens, and others who suspect radiation poisoning, is the difficulty in Denmark of getting access to one's own medical records. To this day, Ole Markussen says he's not sure what ails him, his symptoms having been variously diagnosed as Parkinson's disease and diabetes. Roisman and the Markussens worry that Danish health authorities will try to mask any troubling findings that their investigation turns up. "They have an already predetermined spin that they want to put on this," Roisman said. "Their definition is 95 percent confidence level. But in the real world no one uses that."

Even so, if the Danes are only reluctantly doing what they should have done long ago, as Roisman noted, they are still far ahead of the Pentagon. "The first wrong that the Air Force did to these people was the total failure to give them a thorough medical monitoring program."

Picture the scene, then, above the Arctic Circle in midwinter 1968: A U.S. soldier steps out onto a sunless, windswept expanse of ice where it's so cold that in similar conditions ski areas shut down for fear of the consequences to exposed skin. Hanging from his neck is a 5.25-pound radia-

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tion detector whose other component, a field instrument for detection of low-energy radiation, weighing eleven pounds, he carries in his hand. It must be kept twelve inches from the ground in order to work. The device is untested in Arctic conditions. To keep it functioning, the soldier must continually tune a small, high-voltage adjustment screw.

His shift lasts eight hours. Because of the risk of contamination, he is given nothing to eat, only coffee, hot chocolate or soup. If he doesn't drink fast, it will freeze in his cup. Coming in from his shift, he and his Danish and American co-workers are given a once-over with a radiation-screening device. Everyone's nose runs in such weather, and breathing through the nose is always uncomfortable in the extreme cold. So people breathe through their mouths. Nonetheless, the on-scene authorities choose to take nasal swabs to check for airborne radiation. These are negative. Urine samples are tested; nothing there either.

It requires no great imagination to suggest that such adversity invites slip-ups and corner-cutting. Yet the Defense Department won't even entertain the possibility. There has been no attempt to find out how the American servicemen are – nor the Greenlandic locals who also helped out. About the Danes, the Air Force report has this to say: "The cheerful patience of this group of dedicated workmen, their hours of productive effort, and their willingness to serve, were major factors in solving the many problems."

Twenty years later, Danish patience with the United States is still in evidence. Cheerful it's not. □

DANGER! LOW-LEVEL RADIATION

In 1958, *The Soviet Journal of Atomic Energy* printed an article on the biological effects of nuclear testing, in which Andrei Sakharov wrote:

> We cannot exclude the possibility that the total number of victims is already approaching one million. . . . The moral implications of this problem lie in the fact that the crime cannot be punished (since it is impossible to prove that any specific human death was caused by radiation) and in the defenselessness of future generations against our acts.

All low-level radiation victims who reject Sakharov's prediction of their defenselessness stand to benefit from the Danish government's medical examination of those who served at Thule. According to Dr. Rosalie Bertell, president of the International Institute of Concern for Public Health in Toronto, there may be 16 million radiation casualties by the year 2000. Included in this estimate are: 250,000 American atomic veterans, entire communities living downwind of the test sites in the United States, Australia, South Pacific atolls, China and the Soviet Union; Sami reindeer-herders in northern Scandinavia, whose food supply was contaminated by fallout from Chernobyl; Native American uranium miners; and hundreds of thousands of nuclear industry workers and their neighbors.

Unfortunately, nuclear nations continue to deny the danger posed by low-level radiation. In the United States, much of the funding for research on the health effects of radiation is controlled by government agencies with vested interests in nuclear power and weapons. Although government data has indicated that the dangers of radiation are greater than current protection standards assume, that information has been promptly classified or misrepresented. Independent scientists, such as those who discovered increased cancer rates among nuclear workers at the Department of Energy's Hanford site in Richland, Washington, have been subject to smear campaigns by so-called government experts.

Acknowledgment of the correlation between victims' illnesses and exposures to low-level radiation would challenge the International Commission on Radiological Protection to lower substantially its standards for permissible exposure. But the cost of compliance could shut down civilian and military nuclear industries.

Recent breakthroughs in understanding how low-level radiation works suggest that the scientific basis of the I.C.R.P.'s low-dose standard is flawed. That standard is extrapolated from the high doses measured at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. However, radiation damage is now understood to be more serious per unit dose at low levels than at high ones. For cancer to develop, cells must be alive. High doses kill a lot of cells; at low doses they are only damaged. Low-level radiation leads to the formation of free radicals, which scramble a cell's chemistry, making it easier for viruses to invade. Depending on where in the body mutations occur, this can cause rheumatoid arthritis, leukemia or other cancers or reproductive problems.

Denmark's study will be difficult to discredit, as two epidemiological problems that have confounded radiation researchers in the past are not at issue. Because the Danish population is small and the country keeps thorough records, close to 100 percent of those living at the Thule base at the time of the H-bomb-laden plane's crash will participate in the study. And 3,000 former Thule workers whose employment did not coincide with the crash but who, like the exposed men, were young and healthy in the late 1960s are available as a control group. Since Denmark has a strong antinuclear movement, perhaps its health officials will not be subject to industry pressure to downplay the hazards of exposure. ROBIN EPSTEIN

Robin Epstein is a freelance writer who frequently covers nuclear issues.

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METAPHOR AND THE I.N.S.

Deportation Of a Poet

DAVID COLE

Immigration Court, El Paso, March 1986. Feminist author Margaret Randall is on the witness stand. Immigration and Naturalization Service attorney Guadelupe Gonzalez is attempting to demonstrate that Randall should be deported as a subversive because a poetry magazine she once edited has been described in print as a "revolutionary weapon":

> RANDALL: [Revolutionary weapon] is a metaphor, Miss Gonzalez. I think that—
>
> GONZALEZ: What's a metaphor?
>
> RANDALL: The use of the word "revolutionary weapon" when referring to a magazine which is made of print and words and pictures. It is a metaphor and I would also ask you to look at other things in those three issues which seem so important. There's a letter . . . that deeply criticizes aspects of the Cuban revolutionary experience at that time, specifically stating that the writer of the letter feels that it was nonhumanitarian not to let people out of the country. So we gave expression in the magazine to many of the feelings which were being raised at that time by people of our generation.
>
> GONZALEZ: Leftist feelings?
>
> RANDALL: Feelings.
>
> GONZALEZ: Communist feelings?
>
> RANDALL: All kinds of feelings.
>
> GONZALEZ: I mean, did you ever have an article in one of your last three publications extolling the virtues of the free enterprise system?

For more than two years the United States government has been trying to deport Randall for what she has published. In October 1985, an I.N.S. district director denied her application for permanent resident status and ordered her to leave the country within thirty days because he found that her "writings go far beyond mere dissent." In August 1986, immigration judge Martin Spiegel also concluded that Randall should be barred from living here permanently and ordered her deported because, in his view, her writings "advocate the economic, international, and governmental doctrines of world communism." According to the I.N.S. attorneys who prosecuted the case, "Randall's writings are her own indictment against herself."

The legal basis for the government's case against Randall—the McCarran-Walter Act, a 1952 law that authorizes the exclusion and deportation of noncitizens for any number of ill-defined ideological "crimes"—was recently dealt what may turn out to be a fatal blow. On December 22, 1987, Congress enacted a one-year provision that temporarily overrides much of the act. Under this provision, deportations or exclusions may not be based on "any past, current, or expected beliefs, statements, or associations" that would be constitutionally protected for U.S. citizens. The law contains a number of problematic exceptions, and is effective for only one year, but it should stop the I.N.S. from deporting Randall. It has been reported that the I.N.S. dropped its case against Randall earlier this year. In fact, it has not, although it has agreed that the new law applies to Randall. The case is pending before the Board of Immigration Appeals, which has discretionary authority to grant or deny Randall's request for permanent resident status.

Congress is likely to enact a permanent revision of the McCarran-Walter Act later this year. If so, Margaret Randall will occupy a unique place in history: Hers may be the last fully developed record of explicit ideological deportation. (Not that ideological deportation will not continue, for it is continuing, particularly against Palestinians, but under the revised act, deportation can no longer be as explicitly and purely ideological as in Randall's case.) For that reason alone, the case deserves review, as a fitting finale to a thirty-five-year program of Federal government censorship. It is some record: The I.N.S. subpoenaed every book, article and poem that Randall ever published, and offered into evidence thousands of pages of Randall's publications. The immigration judge, the only one actually to count them, reported that he had reviewed 2,744 pages of Randall's writings. The record also includes an 848-page transcript from Randall's deportation hearing and hundreds of pages of legal briefs.

I am one of Randall's attorneys, so I do not claim to be impartial. However, I intend to present not my own contentions but the government's arguments. The I.N.S. has sought for two years to deport Randall because of the political content of her views. I would like to turn the tables and analyze the political content of the I.N.S. views. I do so because I believe that, to paraphrase the I.N.S., the government's arguments are the McCarran-Walter Act's own indictment against itself.

Margaret Randall is an internationally acclaimed author of more than forty books, including many oral histories documenting the daily lives of women in Central America. Her books are widely available in the United States. Her bilingual poetry journal *El Corno Emplumado* ("The Plumed Horn"), published from Mexico in the 1960s, was the first of its kind to introduce prominent Latin American and North American authors to new audiences.

Born in the United States, Randall left this country in her early 20s. For the next twenty-three years, until her return to the United States in January 1984, she lived in Mexico, Cuba and Nicaragua. She became a Mexican citizen in 1966 in order to secure employment there to support her children, and the United States then revoked her U.S. citizenship.

Randall returned to the United States in 1984 and applied for permanent resident status. Absent ideological issues, she would be immediately eligible because of family ties. Her parents, husband, siblings and two of her children are U.S. citizens. But because of her political views, the I.N.S. has

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twice denied her permanent resident status, and has ordered her deported.

The trouble began with an investigation sparked by Randall's initial application to become a permanent resident. The result of that probe was not particularly startling, but it nonetheless set the stage for all that would follow: "The investigation revealed that the applicant is a poet and a writer who has had several of her books published," district director A.H. Guigni wrote in his decision.

The next logical step was to read her writings. Guigni "examined" five of Randall's books, "for the purpose of determining whether the applicant would be excludable under the [McCarran-Walter Act]." The bulk of his decision consists of selective quotations from those books, including criticisms of U.S. bombing of Cambodia, the National Guard killing of four students at Kent State University and Voice of America propaganda. Some of the quotations are taken from an introduction written not by Randall but by Robert Cohen, the father of her youngest child; others are drawn from Randall's poetry. The district director drew no distinctions between poetry, prose, Randall's words or Cohen's words, presumably because the McCarran-Walter Act itself makes no distinctions. Exclusion may be based on *any* words published or even circulated by the individual in question.

The district director's list of quotations also draws no line between the literal and the figurative. As evidence of her subversive character, he noted Cohen's description of a diary Randall kept as a child as "one of the 'pure products' of the Amerika (*sic*) Margaret has now dedicated her life to destroying." He is the one who noted Cohen's description of Randall's poetry magazine, *El Corno Emplumado*, as "a revolutionary weapon," and he devoted a full paragraph to Randall's poem "I Am Attica," which is about the prison riot there in 1971. To the district director, "The record of the applicant is self-evident."

The preference for "literal" readings over figurative or metaphorical interpretations is crucial to the district director's task. The recognition of metaphor would necessitate an acceptance of ambiguity. The acknowledgment that each reader might interpret a writer's work differently would call into question the authority of any particular reader. But if the words "speak for themselves" or can be read "literally" (whatever that means), the work of the censor is simply that of testing the fit between the author's "self-evident" texts and the statute's "self-evident" terms.

It was nonetheless not self-evident to district director Guigni that any of Randall's writings fell within the literal terms of the McCarran-Walter Act. He denied her application instead as a discretionary matter, explaining that "her writings go far beyond mere dissent, disagreement with, or criticism of the United States or its policies." He reasoned that even if Randall's writings and associations did not fall within the act's literal terms, their spirit empowered him to draw a discretionary line between "mere dissent" and "far beyond mere dissent."

To claim that Randall's writings are unacceptable because they go "beyond mere dissent" implies that "mere dissent" is acceptable. Our national commitment to the freedom to dissent is thus affirmed in the very act of censorship. The decision is silent, however, as to the location of the line between dissent and beyond.

Once the district director had denied Randall's application for permanent residence, she became subject to deportation proceedings, and the censor's wand was passed on to the I.N.S. attorneys who prosecuted that proceeding. In her hearing Randall was examined about her beliefs and opinions regarding Vietnam, Nicaragua, Cuba, Mexico, communism, Marxism, socialism and even contraception. The I.N.S. advanced the following reasons that Randall should be deported:

- She published political cartoons critical of the United States in *El Corno Emplumado*.
- She dedicated an issue of her journal to Huey Newton.
- She ran an ad for a book by Karl Marx in the journal.
- She held certain Marxist historical views.
- She published poems and articles in Cuban and Nicaraguan journals and newspapers.
- She wrote a poem called "Che."
- She interviewed Communists, among others, for some of her books on Latin American oral history.
- She was a friend of Ernesto Cardenal, a Nicaraguan poet and Minister of Culture.
- She admitted to being an atheist.

The introductory paragraph of the I.N.S.'s post-hearing memorandum reflects the tone that its attorneys had adopted throughout the proceedings:

> Randall once wrote of Fidel Castro: "Half a million people had tears in their eyes as they shouted their support of this man who is without doubt the most brilliant, the most courageous and most humane leader of our or any time."

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> Gosh. Castro (?), who in 1986 is swarming Nicaragua, instructing the Sandinistas in the torture of political prisoners? Castro (?), who in Caligulan fashion dispersed thousands of human beings to this country who have suffered and told of the horrors that are the instruments of his governance? Yes, Randall has perpetuated the myth and the lie. Indeed, she has done so with mundane reliability spanning twenty years. Yes, she has published and exported the lie, arraying the distinctive Communist assault on humanity in the garb of guerrillas in green fatigues who speak of the liberation of the oppressed classes, of world solidarity, and of the need to rid themselves of the imperialist monster to the North—indisputably Communism with hispanic elan.

While such hysteria remained unchanged throughout the case, its underlying rationale developed over time. At the outset, I.N.S. attorneys relied principally on the McCarran-Walter Act's historical basis—the threat that the Soviet Union would, through world communism, overthrow the United States. They urged Randall's deportation not for her "patent defamation of the Government of the United States" but "to prevent a world-wide Communist conspiracy from accomplishing its purpose in this country."

Yet the I.N.S. attorneys could not adopt the full McCarthy-era ethos, for the simple reason that in hindsight it looks too much like what it was—pure paranoia. The I.N.S. attorneys could not plausibly maintain that Randall posed a physical threat to the United States. Without that allegation, the paranoia of the 1950s becomes in the 1980s simply ideological animus.

But unadulterated animus is difficult to justify. It must be rationalized. The immigration attorneys found its modern-day vindication in ideological terms: The war is no longer between the United States and the Soviet Union, two countries, but between democracy and communism, two ideas. It is a war with ourselves, a struggle for values. The enemy, according to I.N.S. attorney Gonzalez, is not even communism but "ambivalence." By deporting Randall, we reaffirm that our ideals are so valuable that they cannot be questioned and so absolute that they justify the expulsion from our midst of those who question them. In the 1980s, deportation on ideological grounds becomes a statement of fundamentalist faith in America.

This faith is best expressed in Gonzalez's argument to the Board of Immigration Appeals, in which she cited as the authority for her call for reaffirmation of values not the McCarran-Walter Act but Allan Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*:

> There is an enemy here, and that enemy is ambivalence and the danger is one that has been recognized as recently as this year by a noted author and professor out of the University of Chicago. In his book, "The Closing of the American Mind," the danger is that we will dilute the battle between freedom and communism to the level of no fault auto insurance. The danger is that we will view this case in a context where there is no right or wrong. But there is a right and a wrong. The American Congress has stated that our system of government is right, and it is good, and the communist system is bad. We are an intolerant government. We are intolerant of world communism, and we are intolerant of those individuals like Randall, who attempt to increase its hold on the world.

Gonzalez's substitution of Allan Bloom for the McCarran-Walter Act is telling. Bloom's book laments the loss of "values" in modern liberal education and society. The book's success as a best-seller is consistent with the resurgence of fundamentalist religion and the popularity of Ronald Reagan. All of these phenomena share a rejection of the radical doubt identified with liberalism. Jimmy Carter was the personification of intellectual doubt; Reagan is the paradigm of simple faith. Gonzalez picks up on this trend. In her hands, democracy becomes an article of faith, not a system to be questioned.

Gonzalez's argument is a remarkably honest defense of censorship. Censorship is predicated on the danger posed by ideas, but it is rarely openly defended on those grounds. Yet Gonzalez asked the board to deport Randall not to protect the United States from any concrete threat but simply to "make a statement . . . a statement against Randall, and for freedom."

To the I.N.S., we affirm freedom by deporting a person because of her ideas. Faith in our values becomes more important than the substance of those values themselves. At that point, and only at that point, ideological punishment is, as Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes Jr. said, "perfectly logical": "Persecution for the expression of opinions seems to me perfectly logical. If you have no doubt of your premises or your power and want a certain result with all your heart you naturally express your wishes in law and sweep away all opposition." The difference is that Justice Holmes well understood the irony of this argument.

The third immigration official to enforce the McCarran-Walter Act against Randall was immigration judge Martin Spiegel, who also concluded that Randall should be deported. His decision, however, lacks the ideological fervor of the I.N.S. attorneys; it reads as if the law simply left him no choice.

Judge Spiegel made no attempt to justify his decision as protecting "the national interest" or affirming the values of freedom and democracy. His decision is dry, technical and, at its core, empty. He quoted the statute, listed each of the exhibits of Randall's writings, assured the reader that he had "read and studied in their entirety" all "2,744 pages" and concluded that Randall's writings "advocate the economic, international and governmental doctrines of world communism."

At the point of applying the McCarran-Walter Act to Randall's writings, however, the decision skips a beat. Judge Spiegel failed to quote even a single passage from Randall's 2,744 pages. Nor did he set forth, much less apply, the statutory definition of the proscribed "doctrines of world communism," which describes the "doctrine" in such evil terms that it is unlikely that anyone has ever so advocated.

Judge Spiegel's bureaucratic abstinence from rhetorical flourish is inconsistent with the spirit of the ideological exclusion provisions he applies—his is an act of censorship

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without ideological commitment. Without such commitment, however, the censorship only appears all the more senseless. So senseless, in fact, that Judge Spiegel ultimately failed even to undertake the very task of reading and interpretation that the act required.

The I.N.S. officials' attempts to enforce the McCarran-Walter Act against Margaret Randall illustrate several responses to the call to censor. The district director viewed it as an invitation to exercise a standardless discretion in the name of "the national interest." The I.N.S. attorneys took it as a crusade, one that initially looked to history for its justification but ultimately drew upon more contemporary fundamentalist themes, to call for a return to "values," but only as symbols, bereft of their substantive meaning. The immigration judge treated it as just another job, a job that in the end he failed to do.

What none of the government officials did, however, was read Margaret Randall. None of them engaged Randall as an author, as a person with whom to communicate. The call to censor permits no exchange beyond that necessary to cut off the exchange. And in the end, each official demanded just such a cutoff: Randall's deportation.

Three paradoxes run through each of the I.N.S.'s actions. All pay lip service to our nation's commitment to freedom of speech at the very moment they urge Randall's expulsion for the political content of her views. None address that paradox—one so blatant that it cannot go unstated, but so deep that it cannot be resolved without forgoing the censor's role.

The second paradox is even deeper, and is barely acknowledged by the I.N.S. officials. The censor's role requires an explicit faith in the ability to assign an unproblematic, fixed meaning to the written word. If a text's meaning is fluid, if it depends upon context and reader, if it requires the interpretation of metaphors and figures, the censor's task becomes virtually impossible. Ambiguity, the hallmark of the poet, is the downfall of the censor. The drive to censor Randall the poet can be viewed not only as an attempt to reaffirm the traditional values of democracy and freedom but also as a desperate grasp for objective, "literal" truth.

The coexistence of these two paradoxes raises still another: Democracy and freedom are ultimately premised on the recognition that truth *cannot* be unmediated or objective. We tolerate and encourage a plurality of voices precisely because we recognize that no single voice is privileged with ultimate knowledge. Democracy contemplates a process of exchange that seeks consensus and coexistence, and rejects the authority of any government official to dictate the "truth."

To deport a poet from a democratic country is therefore to deny, finally, both poetry and democracy. It is to reject ambiguity and plurality in favor of literalism and authoritarianism. It is, in short, to adopt the very totalitarian precepts from which the McCarran-Walter Act was purportedly designed to save us. □

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TIGERS BY THE TAIL

India's Quagmire In Sri Lanka

WILLIAM McGOWAN

Jaffna, Sri Lanka

From the rubble of the nearly 75,000 houses destroyed or damaged during its drive last October against Tamil Tiger militants, the Indian Peacekeeping Force has built a city of pillboxes and fortified bunkers inside this former rebel stronghold. Normalcy now prevails past the ends of machine guns bristling from sentry posts on every street corner. Yet the Indian troops deployed throughout northern and eastern Sri Lanka still find their quarry elusive. Given the opportunity, the Tigers can still paralyze civil administration and commercial life, kill political foes and collaborators and attack unprotected Sinhalese villages as well as Indian Army patrols before melting away uncaught.

Having given arms, training and sanctuary to Tamil separatists fighting the Sri Lankan military, India originally thought it could quickly tame them under the terms of last summer's Indo-Lankan Peace Accord. The accord was an attempt to resolve the longstanding conflict between the minority Tamils (18 percent of the population) and the majority Sinhalese Buddhists (74 percent of the country). The feud is rooted in the institutional discrimination Tamils say they have suffered since independence, in 1948, in education, employment, land settlement and language. But it dates further back, into colonial times and ancient antagonisms. Since 1983, when more than 1,000 Tamils were killed in Sinhalese pogroms, the nation had been in a state of civil war and de facto partition. Upwards of 7,000 civilians have perished.

India had supported the separatists because their cause was strong among 55 million ethnic brethren in the southern Indian state of Tamil Nadu, and because the Western leanings of the Colombo government of President J.R. Jayewardene made it anxious. But when the trouble it was encouraging in Sri Lanka began to threaten India's own equilibrium, and Sri Lankan armed forces broke the struggle's long stalemate in a successful lunge against the militants in May 1987, India stepped in—at first with only a small force to back up what was intended to be primarily a diplomatic initiative. There was nominal peace for six weeks, but now, nearly a year after the signing of the accord in July 1987, the fighting continues; more civilians have been killed in the past year than in any previous year, most of them, ironically, by the Indian peacekeepers.

Any intervention into the miasma of Sri Lanka's ethnic troubles ran the risk of frustration. But India's presumptuous diplomacy and military miscalculations have turned its involvement into a daily $3 million quagmire for Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi, with dark implications for his political future as well as for the domestic stability and international prestige of his country. Also on the line is the government of Jayewardene, co-signer of the accord, which has for months been under violent pressure from rabid Buddhist nationalists in the southern part of the island.

Delhi's first mistake was to overestimate its leverage on the two warring sides. The Indo-Lankan Peace Accord called for the rebels to lay down their arms in return for substantial political autonomy in their traditional areas and a guarantee that Sri Lankan armed forces—99 percent Sinhalese—would be confined to their barracks. Although the Liberation Tigers of Tamil Eelam, or L.T.T.E., the dominant Tamil militant group, had gotten more than its fair share in the bargain, suspicions of the Colombo government built up over several decades were not easily dissipated. The language of the hastily prepared document left several substantive issues, like land colonization of Tamil areas, vague or unaddressed, and after provocation by Buddhist hard-liners within Jayewardene's own Cabinet, the Tigers resumed armed hostilities. At first the Indians did little to hold the Tigers back; in some cases, in fact, Indian soldiers from Tamil Nadu turned a blind eye while brethren Tamils burned Sinhalese out of their homes and shops. Before long, however, the Indians came down hard on their former charges, although for years they had warned Sri Lanka of the futility of a military solution.

The drive on the rebel capital of Jaffna was a military and intelligence debacle. The Indians basically dismissed the Tigers as low-caste youths who would never dare stand against the world's fourth-largest army—which after all had entered the conflict on their side. Having scoffed at Sri Lankan warnings, the Indians had little idea of Tiger manpower, firepower, intelligence and communications capabilities. Nor did they sense the fanatic motivation of the Tigers, symbolized by the cyanide capsule each cadre wears around his or her neck to swallow if captured. Most important, the Indians did not understand the lethal force of the Tigers' form of land-mine warfare—an innovation in guerrilla strategy. Losing face politically as casualties mounted daily, Delhi poured more troops into battle, often without proper rest, briefings, maps or equipment.

What should have taken the Indians three days took nearly three weeks, and during that time brutality against civilians—which India had originally intervened to stop—was ghastly. Here in Jaffna during the October drive, I saw random shelling of civilian areas and evidence that Indians had strafed civilians from helicopters and also shot them point-blank as they hid in their own homes for safety. In direct violation of the Geneva Accords, top Indian officers ordered the storming of the Jaffna Hospital, killing scores of doctors, nurses and patients. The Indians banned foreign journalists and the International Red Cross, making it difficult to verify or dismiss consistent reports of rape and other atrocities committed by Indian troops. Likewise, reports that the Tigers had used civilians as human shields.

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Utter bedlam reigned during the battle as a half-million panic-stricken refugees sought safety and the Tigers continued to fight—killing many more Indians than military authorities admitted—before pulling out of Jaffna still largely intact as a fighting force. When it was over, with the peacekeepers claiming victory, there was "a city of corpses and rotting flesh," as one Indian brigadier general put it, with some estimates of civilian casualties running as high as 3,000. There was also a deep bitterness among the Tamil populace toward what had effectively become an army of occupation. Conservative estimates say India has 50,000 troops in Sri Lanka, but if higher figures given by Indian analysts and journalists are accurate, it may have up to 100,000 there—almost as many as the Russians had in Afghanistan.

Whenever they are asked about the current situation, Indian troops in the field, cued by public relations officers, no doubt, smile broadly and answer "picnic"—often the only English word they know. But a picnic it decidedly is not. Despite their overwhelming numbers, Indian forces are musclebound, their bureaucratically minded officers vulnerable to the Tigers' hit-and-run tactics; convoys still leave the main roads with trepidation. The Tigers continue to train new, ever younger cadres and say that even with weapons deliveries interdicted, they can hold out for five years more with the matériel that they currently have hidden. The Indians have been unable to protect informers or stop the Tigers from mounting boycotts, general strikes and shutdowns of important administrative services.

Most important, the same pattern of terror from previous years continues under the Indians' very noses. Armed bands of Tamils, Sinhalese and Moslems still massacre civilians of other groups. Sri Lankan police have broken out of their barracks to retaliate against Tamil civilians. In other cases, the Tigers have rampaged through Sinhalese settlements with impunity, intimidating government-funded colonizers. The Indian presence has made it worse for the Moslems, an important community in the Eastern Province's war of demographics. The rise of Islamic militias has been the result, with indications of Iranian and Libyan financial support, poisoning the ethnic brew even further.

Support for the Tigers among the Tamils had been waning until the harshness of the Indian occupation. Indian commanders talk of winning hearts and minds, but detentions of suspected militants and sympathizers are arbitrary, beatings are standard and the ethnic and caste complexion of the soldiers clashes with that of the population, leading to tension. The officer corps may be Sandhurst material, but the largely illiterate rank and file have treated civilians badly and are undisciplined. The simple presence of so many gun-bearers who can't speak their language has the population on the edge of nervous breakdown and wishing, ironically, for the return of Sri Lankan troops, who had a harrowing record of human rights offenses.

The upshot is that despite their war-weariness and the hardship brought about by the Tigers' rejection of the peace accord, a majority of the Tamil population supports the guerrillas. And without the backing of the civilians, the Indians can do very little. The chemistry is by no means unalloyed. Tamils may fear the Tigers' authoritarianism and question their lower-caste background and their political inexperience, yet they are recognized as a historically necessary force asserting long-denied rights for national identity and liberation. Besides, there is simply no alternative moderate group.

In fact, the Indians may also feel that the Tigers are the only legitimate force; there are many indications that the military drive against them is more of a bid to discipline than to liquidate. The Indians have seemed reluctant to go for the Tigers' jugular: For example, reporters seeking interviews have sometimes had to wait for the militants to finish cricket games within half a mile of major Indian Army encampments, the Tigers keeping their AK-47s at the ready in bat bags. Such apparent laxity signals a fundamental contradiction in Indian policy, for as much as the Indians need to neutralize the Tigers militarily, they also need to preserve them politically, a balancing act requiring great delicacy and organization, which often elude them. For the accord to work, the Indians need some kind of guarantee of compliance from the increasingly disgruntled Sinhalese Buddhist nationalists in the south, which will be hard to secure without the prospect of a reactivated Tiger threat as leverage.

Gandhi's underestimation of resentment in the south and the effect that has on Jayewardene's ability to hold up his end of the bargain may prove the real undoing of the peace accord. The southern heartland, which prides itself as the land Buddha chose to preserve his doctrine of nonviolence and compassion, has become almost ungovernable under the emotional strains of the Indian intervention. Instead of seeing the accord as an opportunity to build bridges of trust between two warring communities, Sinhalese generally see the Indian presence on their soil as a violation of national

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sovereignty as well as a threat to the existence of Buddhism, which they claim to practice in its most pristine form and to protect as part of their mythic charter. The Indian presence has been popularly depicted as a reincarnation of invasions from southern India that wiped out Sinhalese kingdoms centuries ago. Most of the Buddhist majority saw President Jayewardene's acceptance of India's "help"—Gandhi would have invaded otherwise—not as a shrewd calculation of geopolitical realities but as a selling out of national interests.

Broad popular resentment of the accord sparked other latent sources of disaffection against the ruling United National Party (U.N.P.) of J.R. (as the President is popularly known). Its Western-style economic policies, which have greatly widened the gap between rich and poor and led to official corruption on a vast scale, were attacked by the Sinhalese populace as inimical to Buddhist values. Also attacked were the regime's increasingly antidemocratic tendencies: the denial of elections for the past ten years, manipulation of parliamentary procedure and the official sanction given to political thuggery. The signing of the peace accord without popular ratification was taken as the final step in J.R.'s subversion of the democratic traditions that have been cherished since independence, even if observed more in form than in substance. The widespread feeling was that the old fox J.R. had tricked the young Mr. Gandhi into bailing him out in the north so he could better defend himself in the south, where his base of support had crumbled and a rebellion was only a matter of time.

A banned ultranationalistic political party called the People's Liberation Front (J.V.P.) has capitalized on the wave of discontent, focusing anger against the Indo-Lankan Peace Accord. Since September it has conducted a campaign of political killings and subversion that has taken the lives of almost 300 ruling-party officials, nearly brought the simple exercise of civil administration to a collapse and fed worry that the Sinhalese will repudiate their obligations toward India and the Tamils. In areas where the J.V.P. is strongest, police are reluctant to leave their stations after dark, and the public cowers behind shuttered doors. Where Buddha supposedly saw a flourishing *dharma*, the people see assassinations and assault. Most members of Parliament belonging to the U.N.P. are under threat of death and shun their home districts for the security of the capital. Provincial Council elections, which are crucial to the momentum of the peace process, were called off in over half the country due to the threat of violence. Politically moderate intellectuals who have backed the peace accord have been branded traitors to the motherland by the J.V.P. It is also likely that the J.V.P. has infiltrated cadres into the armed forces, raising the specter of unreliability and coup.

The J.V.P. taps into latent Sinhalese feelings of their special destiny, advancing a program that blends masochistic nationalism, apocalyptic rhetoric and the same chauvinistic cultural revivalism that also polarized Sinhalese-Tamil relations in the 1950s. Highly xenophobic, racist and romantic, the J.V.P. calls for a return to "indigenous" thought, values and economic development that predate European colonialism and contemporary Western influence.

The J.V.P. thrives in the economically depressed far south of the island. Most of its members—their numbers still unknown—are lower-caste youths in the universities or jobless graduates with few prospects in an economy still skewed to favor high-caste English-speakers, despite decades of lip service by successive governments to the "sons of the soil." There are also widening ranks of militant Buddhist monks in the party, who see their clerical role in political rather than spiritual terms and have defied superiors by calling for armed resistance in a Buddhist holy war. "We must weaponize," ranted one of them, clad in a brilliant saffron cloth, as a full moon bathed the sentinel face of a nearby stone Buddha. "We must weaponize to kill the traitor J.R. Jayewardene."

The armed subversion of the J.V.P. has justified the government's drift to authoritarianism in the name of preserving the only "five-star democracy" in Asia. The ruling party has armed a private militia, at least 20,000 strong, many of them recently paroled criminals. Fifty thousand troops hitherto fighting Tamil guerrillas have been redeployed in the south to quell the insurgents and their sympathizers. And the government is operating death squads, which are targeting J.V.P. suspects as well as legal political activists, opposition parties claim. Many innocents have been falsely accused and summarily punished in the bid to crush the J.V.P.—the very pattern that has fed militancy in the north among Tamils over the past five years. Police have been personally indemnified against civil actions, extending a carte blanche for abuse, and international human rights groups have been blocked from investigating.

The recent announcement of an agreement between the government and the J.V.P. to end the insurrection in return for the lifting of proscription was a promising sign—until it was discovered that the Minister of National Defense had been negotiating with hoaxers. But bringing the J.V.P. into the mainstream means little when the mainstream itself—including many of J.R.'s inner circle—mistrusts the accord. Parliamentary ratification of the peace agreements, despite a U.N.P. majority, could only be secured by strongarm methods. Having whipped up his hard-liners for years, even as he tried to negotiate a peace, J.R. found it very hard to contain them. Many right-wingers preferred an outright Indian invasion so they could reap windfalls of international sympathy for once.

Sinhalese government bureaucrats have shown their true colors by dragging their feet on the provisions of the accord that require them to grant equal rights to the Tamils. For example, very few of the relief supplies and funds that Western donors rushed to the country have made their way from government ministries in Colombo to war-ravaged Jaffna as was intended. Priority has been given to the plight of Sinhalese refugees instead, even though Tamils in need outnumber them tenfold. The government also refuses to discontinue its West Bank–style settlement program in the crucial Eastern Province, and has erected bureaucratic barriers to the repatriation of Tamil refugees who fled to India—100,000 of them. On a grimmer note, virtually none of the police or soldiers involved in any of the atrocities since India

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stepped in have been disciplined, sending ominous signals that the security of Tamils is still not a state concern.

In essence, the Indian presence has not, as intended, provided an umbrella under which Tamils and Sinhalese can seek reconciliation. Instead it has made the scheming more byzantine and covert, with both sides jockeying around India for position. Sinhalese bloody-mindedness has made matters worse. As a recently returned Sri Lankan expatriate scholar said, "There is simply no sense of repentance on the part of the Sinhalese, no sense that they were in the wrong for many years and are now suffering for it, no sense that they brought the very intervention they feared on themselves. The reaction is just the opposite. They say they weren't tough enough. It's a very spooky psychology." Only now coming to recognize the extent of the alienation that persists between the two communities, all that Indian diplomats can say is, "Nation-building takes time."

The Indians are in a double bind. Even if they tame the Tigers, there is very little chance for lasting peace unless the Sinhalese south gives up deep-seated anxieties and accepts the legitimacy of Tamil autonomy without backsliding. Given the current mood in the south, that is unlikely to happen. Should antigovernment pressure build to a more dangerous level, or should the 82-year-old President die, the situation may become uncontrollable for the peacekeepers. The very point of India's involvement in Sri Lanka was to stabilize its own southern flank, but any direct movement of troops into the Sinhalese south could prompt a nationalistic backlash, uniting factions that are now hostile to each other. The ensuing bloodbath could further destabilize the situation and prompt a greater Indian intervention, which would be politically dangerous for Rajiv Gandhi, who already faces widespread public opposition over what many consider India's Vietnam.

Gandhi's Sri Lanka misadventure has emboldened his opponents. The unpopularity of the initiative among the 55 million Tamils in Tamil Nadu could hand his Congress Party an ill-affordable defeat in critical upcoming state elections. Bogged down by a few thousand guerrillas, the reputation of the Indian Army has been sullied under the watchful eyes of regional rivals Pakistan and China, as well as of armed separatists inside India. And its clumsy handling of ethnic factionalism bodes ill for India's role in refereeing power sharing in post-Soviet Afghanistan.

The situation in Sri Lanka may in fact have grown so poisonous that a cathartic bloodletting is inevitable. Militants on both sides—backed up by significant bodies of popular opinion—embrace the idea of a nationalistic *Götterdämmerung* much more readily than that of compromise. The psychological breach between the two communities may be much too profound for ready reconciliation, no matter what agreements are signed and what platitudes mouthed. Even if the flames are banked for a while, the fuel will ignite again. As the Indians navigating them know only too well, the currents on both sides of Sri Lanka's ethnic divide are vicious. Far from being the light at the end of the tunnel, India's involvement in Sri Lanka may well prove to be just a sidestep in a steady descent into darkness. □

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AFTER I.N.F.

New Arms Race For Europe

DAN PLESCH

Before the intermediate-range nuclear forces treaty was even ratified, the Reagan Administration's plans to begin a new phase of the nuclear arms race were well under way. The United States intends to deploy two times as many new cruise missiles in Europe as the 429 cruises and Pershing 2s to be removed as a result of the I.N.F. treaty.

The most important new weapons are lightweight, "stealth" (radar-avoiding) air-launched cruise missiles. These ALCMs will be preceded by their sea-borne cousins, as well as new battlefield missiles and artillery. Several varieties of the new airborne cruise missiles are being built and developed under a blizzard of acronyms. The Defense Department's favorite—the supersecret joint tactical missile system (JTACMS)—is already being used by the Air Force. If fitted with nuclear warheads taken from the missiles being withdrawn from Europe, the system could be deployed in the early 1990s.

NATO has some 750 bombers that can carry such missiles, in addition to the roughly 1,000 bombers based in the United States and allocated to Europe. There are many more planes of a similar type that could be counted in any arms control deal once the weapons are deployed. Assuming two missiles are carried per plane, this would mean 1,500 of them on 750 planes in Europe—although the actual number of warheads could be less.

These new missiles pose problems for the Strategic Arms Reduction Treaty (START) talks. The Soviet Union is insisting that strategic ALCMs be defined as any having a range of 600 kilometers or more. The United States, on the other hand, wants the limit set at 1,500 kilometers or more, which would allow all the new missiles to escape the START range limits (although they will be able to hit the Soviet Union from European and Pacific bases).

Already deployed and complicating START are some 150 Tomahawk sea-launched cruise missiles aboard destroyers, battleships and submarines in European areas. This fact is not lost on European public opinion. In Scandinavia the U.S. policy of deploying its Navy just outside Soviet territorial waters is regarded as a visible rejection of the new opportunities presented by General Secretary Mikhail Gorbachev.

Lest the Army feel left out, new weapons are on order for them as well. Nuclear artillery is undergoing a renaissance. Out of fashion in the early 1980s as a result of widespread opposition to the "neutron bomb," a brand-new type is about to roll off the production lines. The shells, with the power of up to 2,000 tons of TNT and a range of twelve to eighteen miles, can be rapid-fired from towed guns and tanks. Congress is being asked to build enough to send to U.S. troops in South Korea and to supply the Marine Corps.

Following hard on the heels of the artillery shells will be a new rocket that tools around on a vehicle no bigger than a personnel carrier. The Army expects that each launcher will equal the firepower of an entire battalion of traditional artillery, giving NATO artillery superiority in Germany. These and other improvements have led some Senate Armed Services Committee staff members to the view that should war start, at least for the first week "we'd cream them."

To many Europeans and Americans who thought that the doctrine of limited or "discriminate" nuclear war had been consigned to the museum of military incompetence, these developments will come as a rude surprise. In fact, by removing large numbers of old stock and replacing it with fewer but more powerful new stock, NATO has run a skillful P.R. campaign. However, trading in two pistols for a machine gun is not a reduction.

As NATO leaders such as British Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher seek to accelerate development of these weapons systems in the aftermath of the I.N.F. treaty, the response in Europe has become increasingly hostile. NATO nations remain deeply divided over these programs. At the recent NATO summit, Secretary of Defense Frank Carlucci and Thatcher attempted to get public West German acceptance of the new battlefield rockets. The meeting was a fiasco. Chancellor Helmut Kohl's resistance—as demonstrated by the vague wording of the final communiqué—was not a result of his conversion to antinuclear sentiment but of polls showing that 90 percent of his nation's public is opposed to nuclear deployments on a battlefield populated by Germans. However, European defense ministers have backed U.S. development plans in secret since the Montebello, Canada, NATO meeting in 1983, which set the present course of force modernization, while telling their own parliaments that no decisions had been made or would be needed for years to come. At the recent superpower summit, Carlucci invoked the NATO decision to argue that the United States could not stop these deployments, even though the Russians expressed interest in further reductions.

Although public protest has not reached the levels of the early 1980s, it is growing. A recent march on Aldermaston, the British bomb factory, drew 30,000 people. New forms of political activity have emerged. A network of female parliamentarians in NATO countries now lobbies ministers at NATO meetings. At those same meetings press briefings are held by research analysts and retired military figures explaining and highlighting NATO's moves and the public positions of different governments. In addition to the popular opposition to nuclear warfighting weapons there is simple outrage that NATO is on the verge of passing up the political opportunities opened up by the I.N.F. treaty.

The debate over the new weapons will once again highlight the available choices. Should the West accept the risks and costs of a never-ending conventional and nuclear arms race? Or should priority be given to taking advantage of the

Dan Plesch is the director of the British-American Security Information Council, a year-old group committed to trans-Atlantic understanding of security alternatives.

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"new thinking" in the Soviet Union to achieve the progressive demilitarization of Europe and more common security? Most opposition parties and some of the small countries in Europe emphatically endorse the latter view. It remains to be seen whether they will find support among liberal leaders in the United States, who seem to want to dump the defense burden on Europe without bothering to ask whether the West really needs to carry the burden any more at all. The challenge is to secure massive reductions in offensive conventional and nuclear arms. The alternative is for Europe to remain the hairtrigger to nuclear holocaust, as armies confront each other from positions they occupied in the aftermath of World War II. □

'CREATIVE SENTENCING'

Punishment to Fit the Criminal

ANDREW VON HIRSCH

Judges, or some of them anyway, are using their ingenuity when they sentence criminals. The convicted slumlord is required to live in one of his tenements. The big-time tax cheater must donate millions to helping the homeless. The New York City racketeer is exiled from the city. Punishment is becoming creative. But is this a promising reform?

The impulse behind creative sentencing is sound: The United States grossly overrelies on imprisonment and needs to develop better noncustodial remedies. The prison and jail population nationwide has doubled in the past decade (it now numbers more than three-quarters of a million, about the size of Baltimore), and will double again in less than a decade if current trends continue. The influx of inmates has overwhelmed existing prisons and jails, making conditions inside barbaric. Thirty-seven states now have one or more of their prisons operating under court orders because of overcrowding. New correctional facilities are extraordinarily expensive to build, costing between $50,000 and $75,000 per prison cell.

We rely excessively on incarceration, in part because of the lack of a suitable alternative. When dealing with crimes of intermediate seriousness (say, burglary or embezzlement), the sentencing judge faces the unhappy choice between an excessive and an insufficient response: Either lock up the offender or place the person on probation, where he or she is likely to have perfunctory contacts with a probation officer swamped with a large caseload. Often the offender is confined because probation does not seem punishment enough.

Andrew von Hirsch is a professor at Rutgers University's School of Criminal Justice. His latest books on sentencing policy are Past or Future Crimes *(Rutgers University Press) and* The Sentencing Commission and Its Guidelines *(Northeastern University Press).*

The creative sentence is the judge's way of escaping this dilemma—a way of fashioning a response that is more severe than probation yet less harsh than incarceration. As it is now practiced, creative sentencing relies also on an older tradition: that of the individualized sentence. Because state law usually sets only maximum and minimum permissible penalties, judges have wide discretion to choose the severity and character of the sentence. Creative sentences, such as those recently reported, are very much hand-tailored. The slumlord receives a sentence specially fitted to his own case—since his crime was to operate a slum, he must live in one.

The emphasis on individualization should give us pause, however. Broad discretion to choose the punishment is not necessarily a good thing, unless guided by explicit standards. Large disparities can result when each judge is free to fashion the sentence of his or her own choosing. Several states—most successfully, Minnesota and Washington—have adopted sentencing guidelines to make penalties more consistent and predictable. Those guidelines, however, chiefly cover the use of imprisonment, leaving the choice among noncustodial sanctions to judicial discretion.

Made-to-order penalties, like bespoke tailoring, tend to be reserved for the affluent. The ordinary burglar cannot be sent to a tenement; he often lives in one already. It is also not clear whether the customized sentence really reduces the use of incarceration. When the slumlord, racketeer or tax cheater receives a specially designed sentence, is it in lieu of prison or of probation? That depends on a hypothetical: whether the judge would have otherwise opted in favor of confinement or of probation. Even the judge may not be certain which option he or she would have chosen.

Proportionality of sentence is a still more serious concern. During the past two decades there has been increasing recognition of the importance of making sanctions proportionate to the gravity of the crime. Punishment conveys our disapproval of criminal conduct, and should be graduated to reflect that conduct's degree of reprehensibility. Maintaining proportionality requires an ability to compare penalties' severity. The more idiosyncratic the sentence, the more difficult the comparison becomes. How does one compare the onerousness of having to live for fourteen days in a tenement flat with being forced to give large sums to charity or being exiled from New York City to Vermont?

Some countries, such as Sweden, have successfully limited the use of imprisonment and rely mainly on noncustodial sentences for all but the most serious crimes (such as crimes of violence and major frauds). But these countries do not necessarily support a proliferation of sentencing options. Sweden, in fact, is firmly opposed to that. Noncustodial penalties there tend to be standardized, and fines are calculated in proportion to income. Proposals to introduce novel types of sentences have been met with resistance, largely because of concerns about the comparability of such penalties.

U.S. experiments with newer forms of noncustodial penalties are still in their infancy. A recent study by Joan Petersilia of the Rand Corporation reported that several states, including Georgia and New Jersey, are trying "intensive"

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probation, using small caseloads and closer supervision, and that several other jurisdictions have introduced restitution to victims or home detention. Meanwhile, individual judges continue to find their own "creative" responses. Such growing interest in penalties other than imprisonment is gratifying. But the measures have tended to multiply ad hoc, often without any clear sense of what they are supposed to accomplish, other than to replace prison terms.

A better way would be to concentrate on developing a few kinds of standardized noncustodial sentences. The aim should be to increase the use of penalties other than imprisonment, not the variety of such penalties. Two types of sanctions are worth emphasizing as punishments for non-violent offenses of intermediate seriousness.

"Day fines," scaled to offenders' incomes, are less severe than imprisonment but have an undeniable bite. (These are fines specified not as a dollar amount but as so many days' worth of earnings.) Extensive use of day fines would require changes in law, as the statutory dollar-amount limits on fines are now rather low. The Vera Institute of Justice is already undertaking pilot day-fine projects on New York's Staten Island and in Phoenix. Community service is another mid-level punishment that could be standardized. The Vera Institute operates a program in which repeat property offenders are sentenced to labor a specified number of days at supervised work sites.

Standardization might have a number of potential advantages:

§ The penalties can be better targeted to insure that they are substitutes for, not merely supplements to, jail or prison. The Vera Institute's community-service program has guidelines that make only specified classes of offenders eligible—mainly, persons who have been convicted many times of routine larcenies—who in the past would have received custodial sentences.

§ The purpose of noncustodial sentences is clearer when there are a few standardized sanctions. Day fines and community service, for example, are best understood as punitive rather than rehabilitative: They serve to express the community's disapproval of the conduct.

§ The sentence is less restricted by social class. Almost anyone, except the completely indigent, can pay a day fine scaled to his or her income; anyone can do supervised labor at a work site. One needn't own a house in Vermont to qualify.

§ Enforcement becomes easier. Regular procedures can be developed to help insure payment of fines or attendance at work sites and to penalize defaulters. Evasions can be anticipated with experience, as they cannot with tailor-made sentences (e.g., the slumlord was able to thwart the intent of his punishment by bringing along his own repairmen and guards).

Would standardization rule out the special sentence for the unusual case? Not necessarily. On a showing of good cause, a judge could be permitted to replace the prescribed sanction with an alternative penalty of comparable severity. A judge might replace community service with a brief period of home detention if the offender is too infirm to perform the required labor, for instance. But the judge would have to justify such a penalty: His or her ingenuity would be guided by law.

Is the creative sentence a good idea, then? Creativity certainly is needed. The United States has long been remiss in fashioning nonincarcerative penalties. Such sanctions should be the normal response to most crimes other than the most serious. What we require, however, is not so much distinctive responses to unusual cases but a policy of more imaginative sentencing. As Judith Greene, the director and in large part innovator of the two Vera Institute projects, has put it: "Good sentences resemble good inventions. Like Edison's light bulb, they should be simple and widely usable." □

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

New Clothes for Pu Yi

EDUARDO GALEANO

I interviewed the last emperor of China in Beijing twenty-five years ago. The story was published in the Uruguayan weekly Marcha *at the end of 1963. The worldwide impact of Bertolucci's film* The Last Emperor *perhaps justifies resurrecting the reportage at this time.*

A mishap occurred that was not mentioned in the published text. I paid scant attention to it at the time but today it seems quite amusing, to say the least. At the end of our chat, when I asked the Emperor if he was or would like to be a member of the Communist Party, the translator committed a gaffe or a slip of the tongue in transmitting the reply. Instead of using the Spanish word honor, *he said: "The Emperor says, 'For me, it would be a great* horno *[furnace]."*

On February 12, 1912, *The Times* [of London] printed a laconic wire from Beijing: "Today, 267 years of rule under the Manchu Dynasty came to an end." Pu Yi, the last of the Ching, would go down in history as a unique case: the only emperor of China whose head remained on his shoulders after he had been overthrown. It may well be said that he was born three times: first, as the head of the Celestial Empire; second, as the puppet Emperor of Manchuria; and, in a third incarnation, magically incorporated into Communist ranks, glowing with gratitude, starry-eyed in his enthusiasm.

The past still lives in this hallucinatory country in its objects and people: the ancient alleyways of Beijing, the high walls of the Forbidden City, legendary pagodas and palaces that reveal themselves from behind the mists of time or a dream. Memory of age-old China merges with the reality of new China. One discovers the traces of ancient oppression, for example, in the bound feet of women over 50 who seem to be walking on stumps. And one finds the traces of foreign domination in the architectural styles of the structures raised by the dominating nations in the concession zones. From the high rooftops of Shanghai and Wu-han, I can recognize the architecture of each country: Up to this point, the Japanese were masters, the North Americans until here, the French over there, farther over the British and Germans. . . . China, a juicy fruit, sliced into chunks and distributed.

Eduardo Galeano is the author of the trilogy Memory of Fire *(Pantheon). This interview was translated from the Spanish by Asa Zatz.*

The Former Dragon's Memories

Emperor Pu Yi opens our talk with a lengthy discourse in support of China's position in the dispute with the Soviet Union. He says exactly what I had just heard from another Chinese, Tang Yeng, who had been in Tibet until 1959, repeating the same slogans against contemporary revisionism, the Titoist clique and social turncoats.

Pu Yi then tells me his story of how the mightiest man of a mighty country was transformed into a humble worker at the service of his people. The flamboyant robes of silk and gold exchanged for the plain cotton uniform buttoned up to the neck. From the Sutras to *Das Kapital*—a long road.

"Let's go back," I say to him, "to before your fall, and even before that. To your earliest memories, to your life in the palace." But he, too, wants to know things and so I pay my tithe by speaking first: "Montevideo? Yes, the city that leans over the river-sea; my people." He would like to know Latin America. We will be expecting you, I tell him. He lights a cigarette and offers me one. "No, thank you." And I explain that I smoke Tian Shan, the Chinese equivalent of Republicanas.

The threadbare cuffs of his shirt peep out of the sleeves of his uniform. Pu Yi bears no resemblance to the man I had expected to see. I had built up a character out of the vapors of imagination and I can't deny that I feel rather disappointed now that I see him in the flesh. I had anticipated clouds of melancholy and imperial dignity hovering about him, sad resignation in the bowed head, the long, bony fingers. Not at all! This emperor seems rather a civil servant, a bureaucrat satisfied with his lot. He smiles throughout the two-hour-long conversation and talks in torrents. As I listen, an image of a few days before comes to mind: the tormented branches of the sophora tree from which the last emperor of the Ming Dynasty hanged himself at the foot of the Hill of Coal.

I ask the last emperor of the Ching Dynasty if he had known his aunt, the Empress Tz'u-hsi. I know that the images will never fade from my mind of the luxurious halls of the Summer Palace, which she had expanded with the many millions lent by the mandarins to build a fleet. China had no navy, which it needed. Instead, a lake materialized at the foot of the Sacred Hills of the West, an island rose in the lake, and on the shores pagodas and new residences for the Empress. The white keel of a great marble ship guarded by dragons made its appearance. "My fleet? There it is," said the Empress Tz'u-hsi, according to the story. I wish never to forget that throne surrounded by lions carved out of birch-tree roots: the Halls of Beneficence and of Long Life where the old ogress, hidden behind gauze curtains, received her mandarins; the vessels of bronze and gold for burning incense and sandalwood; the immense carved tables where she would eat a bite from each of 270 dishes served there every afternoon. There the privileged mandarins waited, trembling, for Tz'u-hsi to toss them a scrap of food—the greatest possible honor.

But the story interests me particularly because I feel as though I can see her fighting off death. Everywhere in the palace, the metal turtles and cranes give testimony of her eternal age, and on the altar of a tiny chapel an oil painting of her by a North American artist of no talent. The portrait: Tz'u-hsi was 70 years old at the time it was done, but on the canvas she looks 20—the last Lady of the Celestial Empire fighting against time.

Yes, Pu Yi had known her. He knew her at the time she was dying. "She sent for me to take the throne when I was a child of 3. I saw her only once. The experience was so frightening that it left a deep mark on me for the rest of my life."

His first recollection, the memory of tears. He wept and wept. "When the Empress decided that I should be Emperor, I was warned that I could never again see my mother, nor my grandmother; that I could never again leave the palace. When I went into the palace, I saw many men. I had never seen so many together before. I remember that."

It isn't hard to imagine: mandarins and courtiers making way for the tiny creature sent by the gods, dragging his

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glorious cape and barely able to hold up his head under the overwhelming crown of pearls edged with threads of gold, as he made his way toward the throne reserved for the Children of Heaven. And after the ceremony, he went into the bedroom and saw her; raising his eyes he saw her.

"Everything was in shadow. The emaciated face, as of death. It scared me and I began to cry. The Empress ordered that I be given a candy. I threw it to the floor. Yes, strange that I should recall all that. I was so little. But I remember."

"Did she resemble the portrait?"

"I don't know. She was very skinny."

Pu Yi draws the proper conclusions. The tiny dragon who witnessed the death of the phoenix is today "a real man, because the Communist Party saved me."

And he explains to me: "You see, under the feudal system, human feelings didn't count. They tore me from my mother's arms. But later, I began to enjoy it. I was a child and I felt more powerful than all my elders. All of them were at my feet. I was most sublime; above anybody. My father wielded the real power, although another aunt, the honorary Empress, made the weightiest decisions."

I ask about his father, Tsai-fend.

"He died in 1950. But after the Revolution of 1911 he was no longer concerned with politics. He spent the entire day at home."

Rending His Clothes

Pu Yi, however, did not spend his days at home. He did not give way to resignation: Only 267 years of the Ching Dynasty? Didn't it deserve a few more centuries?

He wished to restore the empire. The Japanese thus had their man. "I was a traitor. The Japanese instituted a policy of aggression against China and sought to use Chinese to dominate the Chinese. I was living in the city of Tientsin when my contacts with them began. They were interested in dividing China to facilitate an invasion. They and I were of the same mind because I wanted to go on dominating the people of the Northeast and the country as a whole. Then they made me Emperor of Manchuria. I was on the throne in Changchun from the year 1932. I was Emperor for fourteen years. At least, I held the title if not the power. I was an international pretext, if you know what I mean. The restoration was a smokescreen, an instrument of Japanese domination."

"A puppet?" I ask, anticipating the interpreter, for once.

Pu Yi, ever smiling, nods. He beats his breast with his words. "If everybody had acted like me, there would be no socialism in China today. Our country would have remained under imperialist occupation."

Hallelujah, Hallelujah!

There is a large white building on the outskirts of Beijing. Visitors cannot but be surprised when told that it is the Institute for Rehabilitation of the Bourgeoisie.

Gaily, Pu Yi intones his *mea culpa* regarding his own experience in re-education. "I couldn't have imagined it even in my wildest dreams. The Communist Party is so great that it does not annihilate the person physically, in the flesh, but rather annihilates mistaken ideas. And so, it made me distinguish truth from lies. I was re-educated. They treated me very well."

He strokes his neck. "Little by little I discovered the truth. I admitted my crimes. I visited the whole country several times for the purpose of comparing old China with the new China that is being built by the party of the proletariat. I learned that the thing to do is to base oneself in the people."

He was granted provisional freedom. And now? I tell him that I had read an article by Field Marshal Montgomery a couple of years ago in which it was said that he was a gardener.

"No longer. I am now working in historical research."

"On your own history?"

THE YEARS

A century ago, gray-clad soldiers stopped their file;
from the cellar of the shack they lugged
blocks of ice they stacked on rigs.
The woman and the Negro children stood,

gazed at the carts and men until they passed
away beyond the dirt road's curve to summer.
But then the roof is fallen as the snow
spills inside on dripping beams.

A caved-in hut, the elms. At forest's edge
three dirty goats appear. Bending low
their twisted spikes, they yank at sedge.
Eyes of gold. Then the rustle of

the others as they huddle in, shades trudging
up a hill at dusk, bandaged and beggarish.
They pitch their rifles in the snow.
One glances up as though startled

by a mirror hung in a stranger's home
he'd entered to loot; his eyes close;
he breathes his prayer for those who will
finally make it past an open field

or who will meet themselves in crossing
like the jackdaw as it jolts against
its own image in the window glass.
A rustle across tall grass;

a sallow breeze, a man leaning on
a shovel, then he turns, starts down the rise,
the rutted road that finally
runs beside a vernal farmhouse.

The goats wend on toward the shabby pen
to rut and mingle in the night.
Beyond, the vaunted elm tree sorrows, opens up
her arms like a madonna's shadow.

Daniel Corrie

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"That, too. I wrote an autobiographical book. Too bad you can't read Chinese! I'll send it to you when it's translated."

"Cherchez la Femme"

Pu Yi informs me that he got married recently, last year. "On the first of May," he says.

"To whom, if it is not an indiscretion to ask?"

"To a nurse from the hospital."

"Tell me, tell me."

Pu Yi's first marriage was out of his hands. When he was a child, his parents arranged the engagement to a young lady of a noble family. He doesn't even want to recall it. "In the beginning, my parents decided. Later, the Japanese."

However, he says that he was in love with his second wife, a student from Beijing. When the Japanese learned that he intended to get married, they sent a general to Changchun. They warned him that he could not marry before they had made the respective investigations. Finally, the commander in chief of the Japanese Army approved the marriage. That bride hated imperialism, Pu Yi recalled. She fell sick and was treated by Japanese physicians. She died.

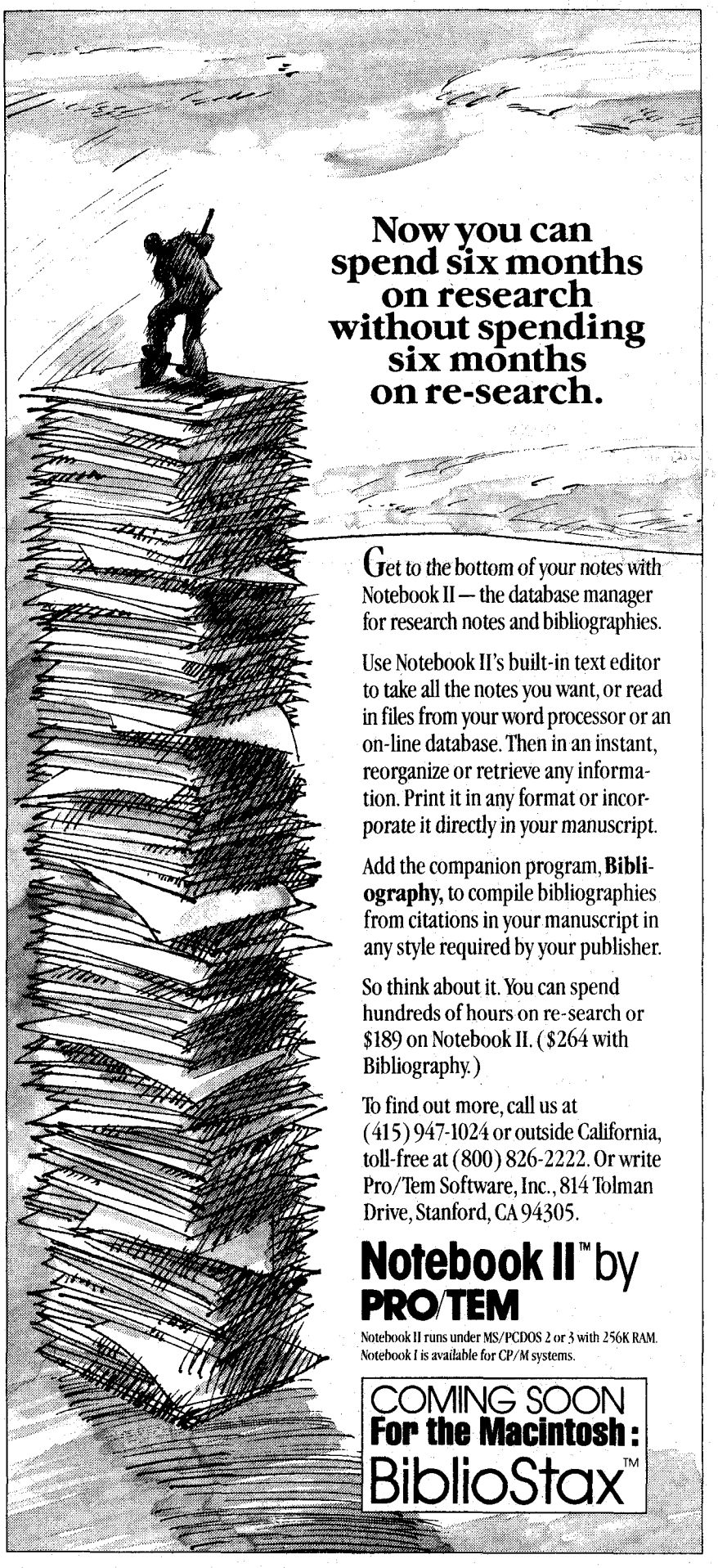
"In that period, the commander in chief of the Japanese Army had installed himself in my palace. He came to express his condolences to me. In one hand he held flowers, in the other, sheafs of photographs of Japanese girls for me to choose from. But I did not want to marry a Japanese. They stuck their noses into everything. They wanted to run my life, to control my every action. I obeyed them, but not always. I told them I would marry whom I wanted to marry. They then presented me with photographs of young Chinese girls. I again rejected them and on my own chose a 15-year-old student. I was satisfied with her because she was obedient to me in all things. But, afterward, I got divorced."

Pu Yi's sparks of rebelliousness were short-lived. He was afraid the Japanese would replace him with his brother or nephew. "I was afraid of losing power. I wanted to preserve my interests."

And, as though it could not be otherwise, he drew his moral: "Characteristic of my class, the exploiting class."

The Incomparable Glory

I ask him if he is a member of the Communist Party. No, he is not. Would he like to be?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"Oh! The title of 'Communist' is a most noble title. I am still very far from attaining that incomparable glory. I still have a lot of studying to do. I must finish changing my ideas if I am to reach such an elevated goal. It would be a great honor for me."

The Emperor insists on my having a fourth cup of jasmine tea. The dragons on the porcelain surface are fighting. □

"I Am Many Poets"

CHRISTIAN McEWEN

Akhmatova, Pasternak, Mandelstam, Tsvetayeva: These are the four great Russian poets of this century. They were born at yearly intervals between 1889 and 1892, each one looking out across the shoulders of the next, until Tsvetayeva, the last and youngest, who looks out over no one's head, and perhaps for that reason stares so directly into our eyes.

In the Soviet Union today, Tsvetayeva has a following like no one else's. Her books sell out in a matter of hours. But in the West, among otherwise literate and literary people, her name is barely recognized. With the appearance of Simon Karlinsky's magnificent biography; the prose translations of Janet Marin King; the letters of Tsvetayeva, Pasternak and Rilke; Elaine Feinstein's biography; and the enlarged edition of the selected poetry, there is no longer any reason for this. Tsvetayeva was a great poet and an extraordinary woman. That much should be obvious to us even now.

Marina Tsvetayeva was born in Moscow in 1892. Her father was Russian, a museum director and professor of fine arts; her mother, German and Polish, was a talented musician. Tsvetayeva described their combined influence as "Spartanism." It made, she said, for a "chivalrous" atmosphere, "life on the lofty plane." It is the combination of that "life on the lofty plane" with her humble and taxing daily existence (in Russian, *bytie* and *byt*) that makes Tsvetayeva so valuable to us now. Karlinsky tells us that the word "Tsvetayev" is taken from an imperative of the verb "to blossom," and she did indeed obey that imperative, publishing her first book, *Evening Album*, when she was barely 18, and continuing to write through all the loss and chaos of her life: the poverty of her years in exile, the myriad responsibilities of her family, the strains and exultations of her love affairs. Her daughter Alya said of her, "She was able to subordinate any concern to those of her work. I insist, *any*," and it is this that the reader comes to recognize, even across the obstacles of time and language.

Christian McEwen is the editor of Naming the Waves: Contemporary Lesbian Poetry *(Virago), forthcoming from Crossing Press.*

IN THIS REVIEW

A CAPTIVE LION: The Life of Marina Tsvetayeva. *By Elaine Feinstein. E.P. Dutton. 289 pp. $19.95.*

SELECTED POEMS OF MARINA TSVETAYEVA. *Elaine Feinstein, translator. E.P. Dutton. 108 pp. Paper $12.95.*

LETTERS, SUMMER 1926: Pasternak, Tsvetayeva, Rilke. *Yevgeny Pasternak, Yelena Pasternak and Konstantin M. Azadovsky, editors. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich. 384 pp. $24.95.*

MARINA TSVETAEVA: The Woman, Her World, and Her Poetry. *By Simon Karlinsky. Cambridge University Press. 289 pp. $47.50. Paper $16.95.*

MARINA TSVETAEVA: A Captive Spirit: Selected Prose. *J. Marin King, editor and translator. Ardis Publishers (out of print).*

Those obstacles, however, are very real. Tsvetayeva was a fearless innovator, and her poems are dense with experiment. She invented new words and new meters; she made play with verbal stems, with alliteration and anaphora; she rearranged the structure of the sentence. Sometimes she introduced dashes (creating stresses where they would not normally occur) and at other times she used ellipsis or enjambment. Her command of various tongues and dialects was superb, from biblical language and ancient folk songs through lyrical autobiographical to more colloquial peasant speech. And yet she continued to hold to the traditional practices of Russian poetry, rhyming almost everything she wrote and arranging her lines according to stanzas.

It is this marriage of the outrageous and the ordinary that makes Tsvetayeva such a problem to translate. Relatively little of her work is available in English: There exists one complete book, *The Demesne of the Swans* (translated by Robin Kemball), Elaine Feinstein's *Selected Poems* and a handful of others, none of them particularly striking. Karlinsky, in all things the acknowledged authority on Tsvetayeva, gives his translations of her poetry in prose. Only in this way, he says, can he hope to be totally exact. Kemball, on the other hand, reproduces not only the shape of her stanzas but, as far as he can manage it, their rhyme, rhythm and meter also. He argues that this is what the foreign reader most needs – not the "most beautiful" or the "most memorable" rendering of a poem, but the closest to the original that is technically possible. It is a convincing argument. However, as Kemball himself points out, there is a great difference between the norms of English and of Russian poetry. Even today, Russian poets tend to write in regular meters, fixed line lengths and predictable rhymes and stanza forms – choices that to the English-trained ear seem oddly old-fashioned. To translate Tsvetayeva into rhymed metrical verse, while on one level a tremendous act of homage, on another level does her a disservice. When technical accuracy is made the primary focus, her orginality and variety are lost. Feinstein's versions, though, as her collaborator Angela Livingstone points out, "less emphatic, less loudly-spoken, less violent [and] often less jolting and disturbing than the Russian originals," do retain something of their extraordinary spirit.

It was only when I laid the Kemball and the Feinstein versions of the mushroom poem from *The Demesne of the Swans* (or, as Feinstein calls it, the *Swans' Encampment*) side by side that I began to understand why this is so. Where Kemball chooses the accurate, and often the "poetic" word, Feinstein's translation is, in some ways, more prosaic. She writes "Mother" instead of "Mama," replaces Kemball's "bosom" and later "crimson-dyed" with the harsh gut-honesty of "womb" and "reddened." She also cuts down on the capitals, the dashes and ex-

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clamation marks and allows physical space on the page to carry some of the heightened tension. The result is an apparently simple and unthreatening text, out of which Tsvetayeva's images rise up curiously heightened and emphasized.

It was through Feinstein's translation, brought out by Oxford University Press in 1981, that I first learned to read Tsvetayeva, and there are snatches of those poems that I will always carry with me, as I carry Emily Dickinson's or Yeats's. Here, for example, is a brief poem written in 1915:

> What is this gypsy passion for separation, this
> readiness to rush off – when we've just met?
> My head rests in my hands as I realize, looking into the night
> that no one turning over our letters has yet understood how completely and how deeply faithless we are, which is to say: how true we are to ourselves.

And here are a few lines from "The Poem of the End," written in 1924:

> For love is flesh, it is a
> flower flooded with blood.
> Did you think it was just a
> little chat across a table?
> . . .
> Either love is
> – A shrine?
> or else a scar.

One knows, from transliterated versions, that these poems were rich and complex in their making. The non-Russian reader misses the full scope of that inventiveness, the "blown-apart links of causality" that Tsvetayeva said were "the poet's way," the rigorous underpinnings of her rhymes. But even in translation, we can recognize the strength of her images, the courage and fullness of her emotional expression. And in the end, it is this human self that impresses, this originality and passion, this readiness to feel and to record. In comparison, say, with Akhmatova, the range of tone in Tsvetayeva is astonishing: She can be scornful, plaintive, sardonic, calm, angry, patriotic, lost, despairing – and all in the same poem. She herself was well aware of this. She wrote to the scholar Georg Ivask, "When you speak of [my] loudness, you must also mention my quiet aspects. I have poems which are quieter than anyone's. I can be grasped only in terms of contrast, i.e. the simultaneous presence of everything. . . . I am many poets; as to how I've managed to combine them, that is my secret."

Until the translators get to work, we will never know all the poets that inhabited Tsvetayeva. In the meantime, because her most famous poems are poems of loss and separation, she is in danger of being typecast as a poet of unrequited love. This is unjust. Both the Feinstein and the Karlinsky biographies contain numerous references to her political and social poems ("Verses to Czechoslovakia," "Poem of the Staircase," "Perekop"), and there is a wide variety of other kinds of poems too, for example those based on folklore and fairy tale ("The Tsar-Maiden," "The Swain," "The Pied Piper"), and those celebrating friendship or family ties ("Verses to Akhmatova," "Verses to My Son"). Again, only some of those are available in translation, and impatient English-speakers will just have to wait.

Soon after the publication of her first book, Tsvetayeva married Sergei Efron, a young Jewish intellectual and would-be fiction writer, and by 20 she was the mother of their first child. From then until her death in 1941, she was never to be free of the responsibilities of motherhood. As she wrote to Boris Pasternak, "All my life I have been leading a child by the hand." Here, as in so many other things (her bisexuality, her dedication to her work, her insistence that her personal life be seen as political), Tsvetayeva seems ahead of her time. Where Akhmatova sent her child (a boy) off to live with his grandmother during the war, Tsvetayeva stayed with hers. Her life was extremely difficult, as a diary entry from that time makes plain:

> I live with Alya and Irina (Alya is six, Irina two years seven months) in our same flat on the lane of Boris and Gleb, opposite two trees, in the attic room which used to be Seryozha's. We have no flour and no bread. Under my writing desk, there are about twelve pounds of potatoes which is all that is left from the food "lent" by my neighbors. These are the only provisions we have.

There is a strange quality to these sentences: They are too factual, too external for a journal entry. It is as if Tsvetayeva were writing a message to be found after her death – a message to her husband, perhaps (off fighting with the White Army), or to her future readers. Years later, she was to remember the horrors of that time, "the prejudiced truth of cold, of hunger, of anger" in a

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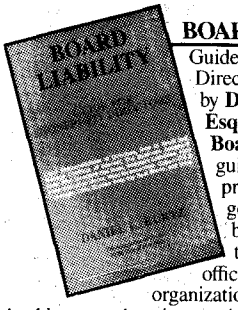

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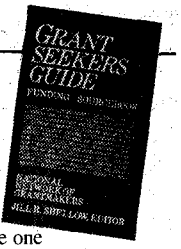

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city almost without rations, where there was no running water and the disposal of garbage had become a never-ending problem.

In the winter of 1919-20, Alya became extremely ill, and Tsvetayeva felt obliged to send her younger daughter, Irina, to a state orphanage. There, in February 1920, the child died of starvation. Tsvetayeva was heartbroken. Once, she wrote, she had two children's heads on which to rest each one of her hands, until

> With both clenched hands
> As desperately as I could
> Rescuing the older one from the darkness
> I could not protect the younger.
> . . . . . .
> Radiant, with her thin little neck,
> Like a dandelion on its stem.
> I have not yet fully grasped
> That my child [lies buried] in the ground.

In the years that followed, Tsvetayeva was to work as hard as she could to protect her family, so that such a thing should never happen again. She left the Soviet Union in the summer of 1922, and traveled with Alya first to Berlin (then the center of Russian publishing) and then to Czechoslovakia, where for the first time in five years she again took up her marriage with Sergei. It was not easy for either of them. In an unpublished letter to their old friend Max Voloshin, Sergei wrote, "Marina is a creature of passions. . . . To plunge headlong into a self-created hurricane has become a necessity for her, the air of her life. . . . Today it's despair, tomorrow it's ecstasy, love, total surrender of self and tomorrow, it's despair again." For him it was brutally obvious that, as he put it, "I have long been useless for stoking the furnace."

Looking back at it now, it is very clear that no one person could have satisfied Tsvetayeva. She had originally been completely enchanted with her young husband. "He is extraordinarily and nobly handsome. . . . He is dazzlingly gifted, intelligent and chivalrous." But as early as the third year of her marriage, she was beginning to look elsewhere. By November 1915 she was involved in a passionate lesbian relationship with a Russian Jew named Sophia Parnok, for whom she wrote the cycle "Woman Friend" (not yet fully translated into English) and with whom she set up house for six months while Sergei was away in the army. Other relationships followed, both with men and women, the most tumultuous, certainly the most well documented, being the one in Prague with Sergei's friend Konstantin Rodzevich, about which she wrote her two most famous autobiographical sequences, "Poem of the Mountain" and "Poem of the End."

According to Tsvetayeva herself, "'Mountain' came earlier and shows a masculine face," whereas "'Poem of the End' is a build-up of feminine grief, imminent tears, me when I lie down, not me when I get up." It describes the last evening she spent with Rodzevich, the evening on which they both decided that their relationship must end. Its verbal complexities, lucidly analyzed by Karlinsky, lead him to say that it has "defied, so far, the best efforts of translation." Feinstein, however, manages very beautifully, as here, in the eighth section:

> Lovers for the most
> part are without hope: passion
> also is just
> a bridge, a means of connection
>
> It's warm: to nestle
> close at your ribs, to move in
> a visionary pause
> towards nothing, beside nothing
>
> * * *
>
> Understand: we have
> grown into one as we slept and
> now I can't jump
> because I can't let go your hand.

In its entirety, this is a poem of such hugeness and intensity that it seems almost cruel to cut it, as if the glory would be dispersed or the words themselves somehow be hurt. Through writing it, Tsvetayeva came into her own in a new way. "Life on the lofty plane" was very rich.

On the level of the humble *byt* however, things grew increasingly difficult. However hard she struggled, Tsvetayeva was never free of financial anxiety nor, indeed, from ordinary household chores. Her son, Georgy (known as Mur) was born in 1925, and an income that would have been sufficient had she been single (with a longstanding grant from the Czech government, the sale of her writings and the support of several friends) was never quite enough for a family of four. In Paris, where they moved in late 1925, she put horsemeat on the table, heart and lungs, since those were the cheapest cuts, and wrote that she was sleeping in the kitchen to make room for her books and desk. "I am always in someone's company," she lamented, "never alone." When a visiting journalist asked her what her wishes were for 1926, she told him, "For myself, a separate room and a writing desk; for Russia, whatever she herself wants." Without some time alone, she could not feel, she said, and poems, of course, depend upon feeling.

NOT JOINING THE WARS

Sometimes there isn't any light when
that flash comes. All day, all night,
you went looking for a spark to
bring daytime to your words, that look
of freshness when things go up fast
and the siren volunteers the town
into the blaze, though nothing can be saved.

Lots of things sound like applause:
the dead hands of leaves in October,
or slapping of tank treads in parade.
Some people can ripple pages in a book
or pause at length till cheered.
It's hard, waiting it out underneath
others' victories and the crackling leaves.

You are possibly one of the lost ones
by choice. You take no maps, blunder
casually from the path, till deep in woods
(the light is slanted, the footing funereal)
that scent gathers, slowly wrapping each
pore with the smell of scrubbed air—
and you have gotten clean away.

Marvin Bell

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Nonetheless, whatever the obstacles, Tsvetayeva continued to write. For me, the sense of that ongoing labor, that tremendous private constancy, comes across best in the account by Elena Izvolskaya, at that time a frequent visitor. Tsvetayeva, she said, would sit down at the kitchen table, from which everything else had been removed. She would take her simple, wooden penholder and her sharp pen and write out lines and lines of rhymes, without scratching out any of them. Watching her work was like watching "a naturalist observing the growth of a blade of grass, a leaf, a stem, the hatching of fledglings in forest nests, the metamorphosis of a chrysalis into a butterfly."

Throughout the summer of 1926, Tsvetayeva had another very powerful consolation. Boris Pasternak had passed on her address to Rilke, and for a while all three were engaged in correspondence. Tsvetayeva, always a fervent letter-writer, was almost incoherent with excitement. Her letters are full of questions, exclamation marks and underlinings, brackets and dashes and self-interruptions. No paraphrase can do them justice. The level at which they take place is best indicated by the fact that whereas in her daily life she used the formal "you," even with her family, in these letters she almost always chooses the second-person singular, the Russian or German equivalent of the French *tu*. As she wrote to Rilke, "Do you know why I say Du to you and love you—and—and—and—because you are a force. The rarest thing."

In comparison with Rilke, who clearly valued her as human being and as poet, the Russian émigrés among whom she lived grew more and more hostile. In Tsvetayeva's opinion her work was drawn from life, which as she well knew could include both friendship and enmity, "charming Communists and irreproachable White Guards." But among the émigrés, the lines were more sharply drawn. Poems like the ones from *Swans' Encampment* (never published as a book in Tsvetayeva's lifetime) were not easily appreciated.

> This man was White now he's become Red.
> Blood has reddened him.
> This one was Red now he's become White.
> Death has whitened him.

To play with the interchangeability of the two sides, the tragicomedy of names and labels, rights and wrongs, was too humane, too large-spirited for most of her contemporaries. And even when her subject matter was more acceptable, there was still trouble with the manner of her expression: "In the emigration they at first (hot headedly!) publish me, and then having come to their senses, withdraw me from circulation, realizing that there is something in me that is not theirs; it is from over there. The content, it would seem, is 'ours' but the voice is theirs."

Whether the Russians would have agreed that she was "theirs" is a matter of doubt. Gorky, for example, wrote to Pasternak that "her talent strikes me as flashy, even hysterical. . . . She knows Russian poorly and treats it brutally, distorting it in every way." But in either case, the result was the same: Tsvetayeva was not made welcome on either side of the border. Her feelings at that time are perhaps clearest in these stanzas from the poem "Homesickness," here given in the Feinstein translation:

> Homesickness! that long
> exposed weariness!
> It's all the same to me now
> where I am altogether lonely
>
> or what stones I wander over
> home with a shopping bag to
> a house that is no more mine
> than a hospital or a barracks.

Once again, Feinstein provides us with a vivid rendering. Her biography, however, with its wonderfully detailed quotations and its obvious delight in the minutiae of Tsvetayeva's life, at this point begins to falter. For a full account of the years in Paris and the events surrounding Tsvetayeva's return to the Soviet Union, it is essential that we refer to Karlinsky. But for the purposes of this review, the rest of the story is all too quickly told. During the 1930s, Sergei and Alya involved themselves with The Union for the Repatriation of Russians Abroad (a Soviet front), of which Sergei became the head, and through which he was implicated in the murders of Ignace Reiss (a former Soviet spy), and of Trotsky's son, Lev Sedov. When these crimes were discovered, Sergei fled to Spain and then followed Alya to Moscow, where, in the summer of 1939, Tsvetayeva and her son Mur came to join them. It was to be a brief reunion. Less than six months later, both Alya and Sergei were arrested, and in August 1941, having endured two years of frustration and despair, Tsvetayeva hanged

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herself. Of the immediate family, only Alya survived.

Tsvetayeva has been dead now for almost fifty years, and yet, in another sense, she has never been more alive. Her daughter Alya spent the last years of her life deciphering her mother's manuscripts and establishing an archive. As English speakers, we may covet the comprehensive edition of Tsvetayeva brought out by Russica Publishers (five volumes of poetry and plays and two volumes of prose). We may long for a translation of the unpublished letters, for Alya's memoirs and the letters she wrote to Pasternak after her mother's death. But the central fact is that Tsvetayeva is now available to us; that, whatever the pitfalls of translation and interpretation, her name is at last beginning to be known. □

THEATER.

THOMAS M. DISCH

The Wars of the Roses

The greatness of Shakespeare is generally something not requiring comment, but after experiencing the English Shakespeare Company's three-day marathon, *The Wars of the Roses*, comprising the eight history plays from *Richard II* through *Richard III*, it won't do to let it, the greatness, pass unremarked. The dimension of his accomplishment becomes, cumulatively, as awesome as any natural wonder—the Grand Canyon or the Great Barrier Reef. His works have actually had the effect that later, lesser poets bragged of: He forged the conscience of the race and became an unacknowledged legislator of the world, at least the English-speaking part of it. As to mere artistry, no subsequent dramatist has yet created a larger imaginary space onstage. The standard of theatrical possibility is still defined, outside of opera, by Shakespearean performance.

And *The Wars of the Roses* represents the most fully realized expression of that potential I've ever seen onstage. That is not quite so bold a claim as it may seem, since the English Shakespeare Company, simply by the scale of its ambition, can perform wonders beyond the scope of any single play, however superbly performed. There is a larger world of meaning to be explored, an opportunity for stacking meaning on meaning, for cross-referencing various human fates. Wagner's *Ring* enjoys the same advantage of scale, and while it might be urged that Shakespeare did not aspire to create a unitary *Wars of the Roses*, the English Shakespeare Company's production makes a persuasive case that in fact he did, and that the eight plays represent not only a well-thought-out narrative continuum but, like the *Ring*, the ideal unit of performance. It is true that the last four plays of the chronological sequence—the three parts of *Henry VI*, and *Richard III*—were conceived and written before the first four, but Wagner wrote the librettos for the *Ring* in reverse order as well. Theoretically there is a danger that the more mature plays will upstage the raw work of Shakespeare's youth, but in the event that does not happen. The three parts of *Henry VI* have been trimmed down and reshuffled into two parts by the canniest of play surgeons (presumably by director Michael Bogdanov, though the program does not give specific credit to the adapter), and though there is a part of me that worries whether I will receive full credit from the Great Literary Scorekeeper for having seen *all* of *Henry VI*, I can't believe that Shakespeare, could he have seen the E.S.C.'s version, would refuse it his imprimatur. It plays so well that when the curtain came down on the last act of *Henry VI*, late on Sunday afternoon, after the eighteenth continuously spellbinding hour, I would willingly have forgone the dinner break, I was that avid to have the story move on to *Richard III*.

The primary benefit of seeing the eight plays performed together is the continuity of casting that allows us to trace the development of those characters who grow and change from play to play, to see John Castle's Bolingbroke break in the crown he's grabbed from Richard; to follow Hal's transformation from wastrel to slaughterer; to witness Margaret's corruption and Richard's apprenticeship in villainy. For each character, these processes extend over three full plays and so one ordinarily has little chance to see a single interpreter enact these roles, still less to see such an interpretation in a context where cast, set and concept are consistent—and, in this case, consistently superb. In short, there's never been anything like it.

To particulars. The design of the production, by Chris Dyer, is spartan—a bare black box with a retractable gallery/catwalk flanked by rolling steel towers.

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This bareness is clothed with a bare minimum of props that actors and stagehands whisk on and off to the accompaniment of a few bars of incidental music, ranging from familiar themes by Schubert, to Glass- and Morricone-like background jitterings composed by musical director Terry Mortimer.

The costumes by Stephanie Howard—some 600 of them!—present their own précis of history. Richard II is attired as a Regency beau; Bolingbroke and his cronies are drably Victorian, while Hal and the topers at the Boar's Head are clad, anachronistically, in jeans or punk studded-leather (probably because the liveries of loose living apposite to the nineteenth century would be decoded by a modern audience as nothing but rags); the France that Henry V invades is uniformed to fight World War I, while the civil broils between the Houses of York and Lancaster are fought in the latest camo. Happily, the English penchant for fancy-dress uniforms allows for a sufficiency of swordplay, and the fights are choreographed by Malcolm Ranson with great panache and performed dashingly by virtually every cast member, including Mary Rutherford as Joan of Arc. The most resplendent duel is reserved for the showdown between Richard III (Andrew Jarvis) and Richmond (a role taken, as his due, by fight captain Charles Dale); they face off in full armor and bash away at each other to the dreamy strains of Barber's *Adagio* which was used to similar uncanny effect for the combat scenes in Oliver Stone's *Platoon*.

But of course it is the acting by which any Shakespearean performance succeeds or fails, and with one small exception, the twenty-four members of the cast (two others were out sick) performed at a level of judicious brilliance, both as individuals and as an ensemble, that American actors simply can't bring to bear. If wars were waged by actors, America would be ruled by the House of Windsor. Even on their home ground, the English Shakespeare Company, though not yet two years old, bears comparison to the best work of the Royal Shakespeare Company or the National Theatre.

Primus inter pares is Michael Pennington, who shares with director Bogdanov the title of artistic director. He plays Richard II, or rather, as movie ads are wont to claim, he IS Richard II. When he then takes on the role of Prince Hal, it is not so perfect a fit. He seems too old, his hair's too thin. But as the portrait develops, it becomes clear that the Hal conceived by Pennington and Bogdanov is a darker, craftier, altogether more sinister figure than the Hal we are used to outside the context of the eight-play cycle. This is a Hal whose career is the bright obverse of Richard III's; a "moral" Machiavel who invents spurious reasons for a foreign war in order to secure domestic peace. Then, having performed leading roles in four consecutive plays, Pennington took over a major part, the Bishop of Winchester, for a sick colleague, in addition to his regular turns as the dying Edmund Mortimer and the rabble-rousing pretender Jack Cade, and a final star turn as Buckingham in *Richard III*. Any one of these performances in any single play would ordinarily have merited a critical accolade—and though Pennington's several performances were the most prodigious of the weekend, all the principal company members—a baker's dozen of them, at least—gave not one, but a succession of noteworthy performances.

This is not simply a challenge to critical fairness; it also represents a major aesthetic component of *The Wars of the Roses*, for the casting of the doubled (and redoubled) eight plays' roles adds a further dimension of significance. There is a drollery in Henry IV being saddled with a son so much like his predecessor on the throne—a drollery supported by the text. There is a nightmarish justice in seeing Richard II/Henry V parodied in the figure of Jack Cade. There is even a *frisson* in having Richard III address Pennington, in the role of Buckingham, as "My other self, my counsel's consistory, My oracle, my prophet!" Tennessee Williams has observed that every dramatist writes for a repertory company that keeps reappearing, under different names, in all his plays. Shakespeare's greatness, according to Williams, is due to the unprecedented size of the repertory company employed by his imagination. One of the pleasures of seeing the E.S.C. in *The Wars of the Roses* is that one can imagine that one is watching a performance by Shakespeare's own internal repertory company.

Andrew Jarvis, for instance, is villainy incarnate, and reincarnate, beginning as Exton with the murder of Richard II, progressing through a yobbish, mohawked Gadshill, a kilted double-broadsword wielding Douglas, a sniveling Dauphin and at last the full-blown infamy of Richard III, whose nightmare scene, when it comes, is a kind of retro-

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spect of everything the E.S.C. does right, one precision-tuned bit of business after another as the ghosts of Richard's victims appear to torment him.

John Castle as Bolingbroke/Henry IV, Pistol and the Duke of York is all male armor unsoftened by the least twinge of the other gender's tenderness. Paul Brennan as Henry VI is the complement to Castle, a king unmanned by his own too much tenderness, cuckolded, several times deposed, and at last killed by Richard in a manner bordering on rape. It's a hard vantage from which to command sympathy, but Brennan convinces us that Henry is undone not so much by weakness as an excess of decency, an Adlai Stevenson of the fifteenth century.

Chris Hunter is unproblematically admirable as Hotspur and in similar tough/good-guy roles. Siôn Probert is a blustery Glendower and a smarmy Catesby. John Tramper is cute as a button in a succession of juvenile roles.

Hugh Sullivan, commencing as a stand-in for an ailing John of Gaunt, played a series of churchmen and civil magistrates in a manner that should win him an O.B.E. for his contributions to the Civil Service, honors he might share with Michael Cronin, Roger Booth and Colin Farrell. These are not the glamour roles in Shakespeare, but the history plays especially depend for their success on having attendant lords who are properly lordly and with a glow of inner life equal to those whom they attend.

The women in Shakespeare's internal repertory company are fewer in number, and in the history plays the pickings are slim indeed. There was only one star-sized female role, Margaret, the Queen and later the widow of Henry VI, but June Watson made that role seem meatier than Lady Macbeth (certainly, as performed by Glenda Jackson). She flirts, she seethes with lust, she's a termagant, she's mad with grief for her murdered lover, she assumes control of her husband's army, presides at ghastly murders and finally becomes a geriatric Cassandra raging against the more successful murderers around her. Lynette Davies and Mary Rutherford also performed vividly as women of, respectively, submissive and assertive temperaments; blond, as it were, and auburn.

Finally, praise for Barry Stanton's Falstaff, the one role in the history plays as archetypal as Hamlet or Othello. Stanton handles it like a Rolls he's driven all his life. He keeps buffoonery at a minimum, and doesn't even strive for wit. Like all great comics he simply describes the world as he sees it, and is appalled.

Shakespeare's own ultimate take on the world that he sees is a more complicated matter, but this cycle of history plays may be as candid a record as he set down on the Way We Are, as well as how it feels to be Shakespeare. That's because he was himself a king, not simply by virtue of having made a name for himself that his own sonnets predicted would outlast marble and the gilded monuments of princes, but because as an actor he'd specialized in kingly roles and so understood, at gut level, the essential actorliness of kingship (this is the particular theme of *Richard II*), as well as its corollary, the respect in which kingship is a state of mind, a possibility of the imagination, a truth of the soul.

It's a pity the E.S.C. could appear for only one weekend at the Stamford Center for the Arts (in the capacious and beautifully refurbished Hollywood-Moorish Palace Theater), but *The Wars of the Roses* will continue to be toured about the world for at least the next year: It appears next in England, at the York Festival, and then in Germany, Japan and Australia. There's every reason to believe the E.S.C. will return to the United States before *The Wars of the Roses* has left their repertory. Whenever and wherever you have the chance to see it, don't think about the long sit or what else you should be doing or whether you can afford it. Avail yourself, you'll be the richer. □

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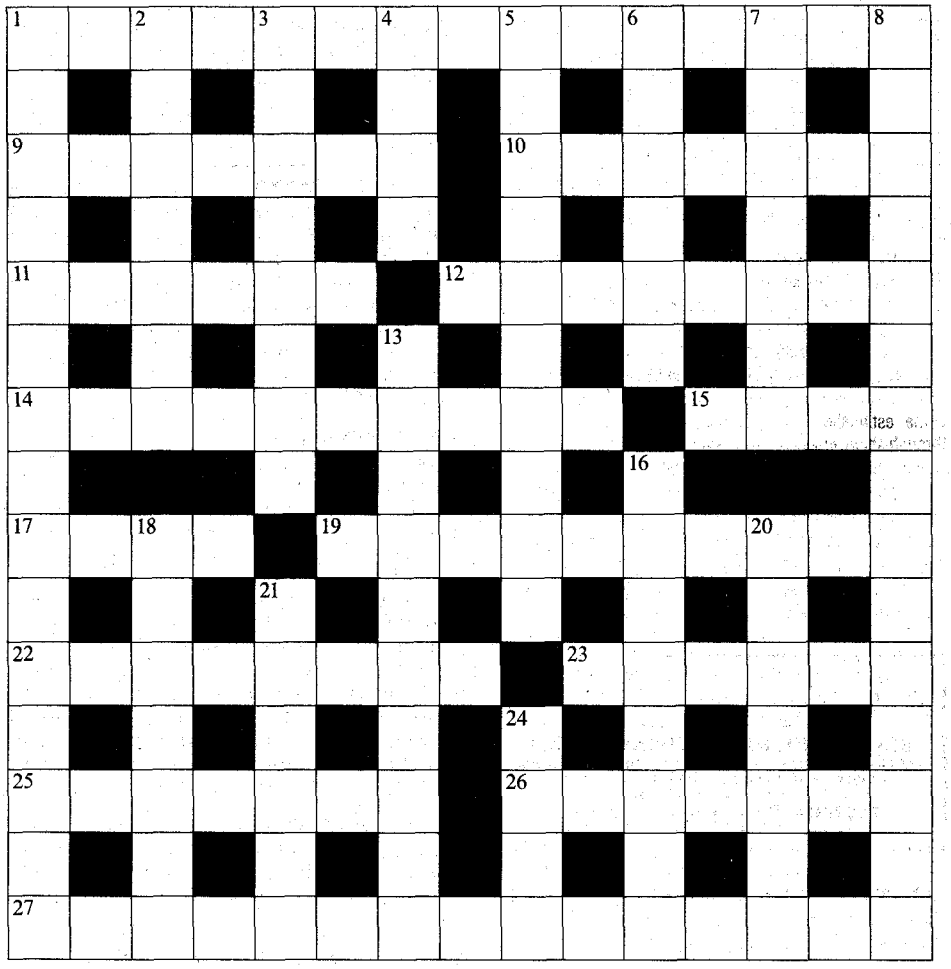

ACROSS

1 The one who pulled along a famous ox to the capital of London evidently reached a high point in polyglottery. (3,5,2,5)
9 Did he do all his painting at one stretch, or does it just look that way? (2,5)
10 Throwing someone out takes no guts, I find! (7)
11 Certain drinks are sort of large, up to a point. (6)
12 A flyer, but not with the auto near, exactly . . . (9)
14 . . . and a flyer, as well as head of the Baltic Fleet, perhaps. (3,7)
15 If a certain country loses any, it might cause cold. (4)
17 Does it resound in the chorus? (4)
19 Not exactly posed by the strikers out of work—it's not so powerful. (4,6)
22 The maker of a boat? Sure! (But one might keep it from being launched.) (8)
23 You might get to rest here, but they travel a lot by water. (6)
25 If I give you two R. N.'s, you'll find the sort of creed Kipling wrote about! (7)
26 A complicated poetic form, set in as difficult a way as possible. (7)
27 Evidently such a threesome goes on, and on and on . . . (7,8)

DOWN

1 Reputedly, bag turned over as a gift, if you contact this, although you may be placed in an awkward position to do so. (3,7,5)
2 One way or another, you might associate a ring with being so, even on the line. (7)
3 You might get saddle sores if you do ignore any automatic controls. (8)
4 One's likely to be confused, if asked to name Seth's offspring. (4)
5 The magical place with a single hen present, of much concern to environmentalists. (5,5)
6 A cow classically puts on weight in this place. (6)
7 A general responsibility, perhaps, when ordered to surround the equipment. (7)
8 Run away fast! I'm set on an examination time, perhaps associated with serious acting. (10,5)
13 Twist connected with something named after Lincoln, where you can see the effect of certain forces. (4,6)
16 Deep, but evidently not blue. (From the wise, a couple of words!) (5,3)
18 The color gets thrown around a bit by one who hangs out someplace. (7)
20 Venus is often said to be such a star, on the level with a gin sling. (7)
21 One of the Virgins located on a short street having the most common name, perhaps! (2,4)
24 A sure difficulty for the consumer! (4)

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